

LIFE

A black and white portrait of actress Carole Lombard. She is looking slightly to the left of the camera with a soft expression. Her blonde hair is styled in waves. She is wearing a light-colored garment with a dark, ornate floral pattern along the neckline.

CAROLE LOMBARD

OCTOBER 17, 1938 **10** CENTS

Explore the 8 LIFE HOUSES with the Architects who created them

Join us in a behind-the-scenes tour of the 8 most talked-about houses in the U.S. Personally conducted by the architects who created them, you will see how these houses grew, — learn the technical details which architects, builders, realtors and other building professionals are studying in order to give you a better house, — see exactly how the architects planned these houses for better living.

The LIFE HOUSES are completely and minutely examined in the November issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL FORUM, — the professional journal which guides more building professionals than any other magazine.

For people who are now seriously interested in building or buying a house; for people who are interested in improving their present home; for people who wish to study the LIFE HOUSES from A to Z; for men and women who want to dig into the more technical side of the Small House; we are printing extra copies of the November LIFE HOUSES issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL FORUM.

This issue is not a substitute for your architect, builder and realtor. But it will —
help you visualize the home you desire;
help you discuss your needs more intelligently with your architect, builder and realtor;
tell you all about the most talked-about houses in the U.S. —
LIFE HOUSES.

Since we plan to print only sufficient copies to fill all orders received by October 29th, use the coupon today or (if you wish to keep this copy of LIFE intact) post your letter, with \$1 enclosed, to us immediately.

THE NOVEMBER LIFE HOUSE ISSUE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL FORUM CONTAINS:

40 pages of technical data on LIFE HOUSES; critical details, floor plans, exteriors, interiors, plot plans.

The How and Why and Why-not of each house as told by the Architect himself. Progress reports and pictures of LIFE HOUSES now being built; in other words, — the complete inside technical story of LIFE HOUSES.

plus

24 more outstanding houses which cost \$10,000 or less;

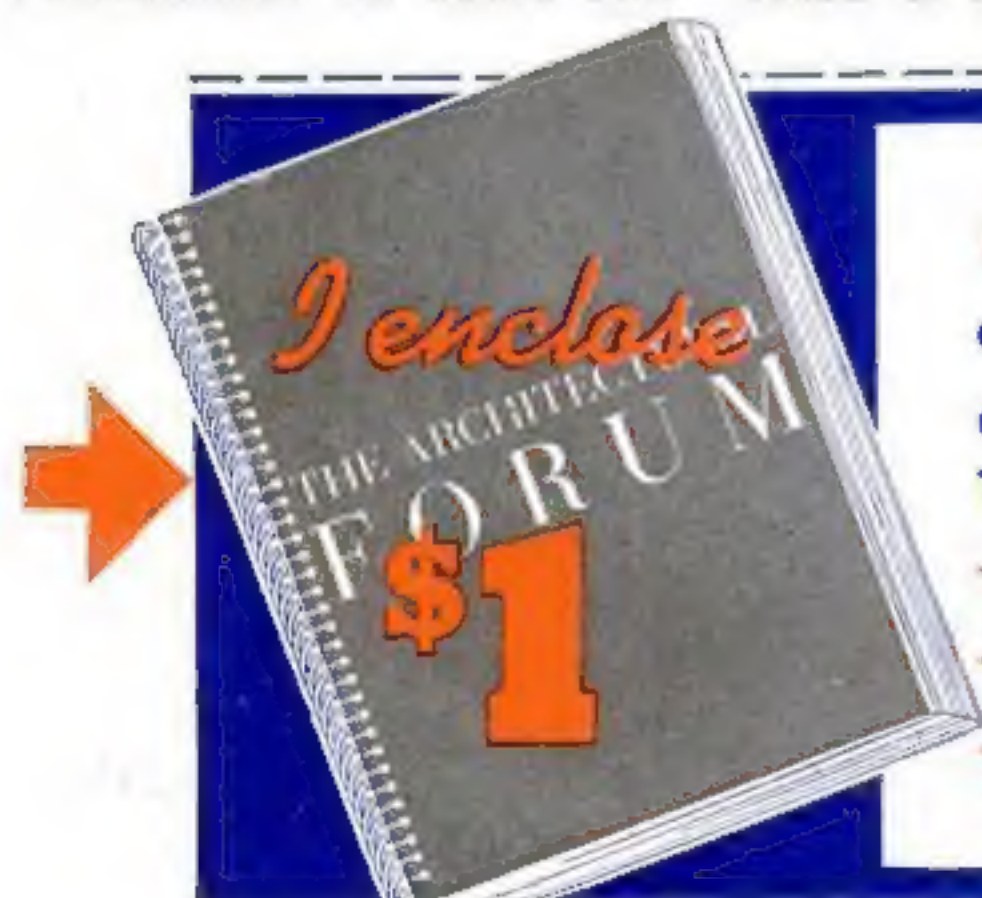
complete case studies of these never-before-published examples of the Small House... the statement of the problem, cost estimates, plate and text.

in all

more than 90 provocative editorial pages prepared by the leading professional journal of Building as another landmark in its series devoted to the Small House.

THE ARCHITECTURAL FORUM

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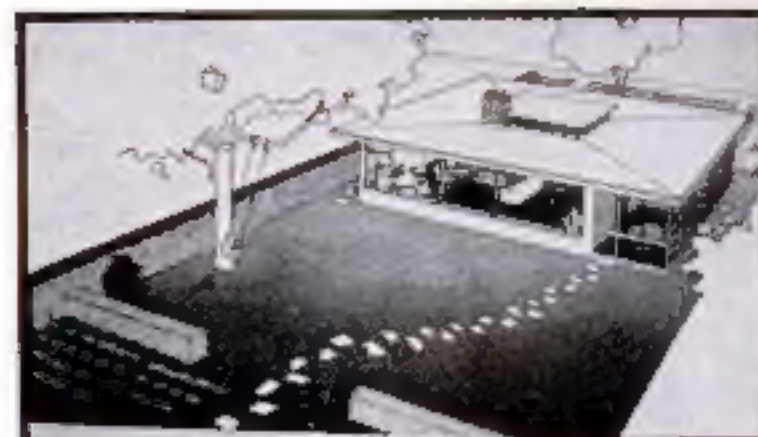
Print for me one advance copy
of the November **LIFE HOUSE** issue
of **THE ARCHITECTURAL FORUM**
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

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\$2-3,000 income house, Edward D. Stone, Arch.



\$2-3,000 income house, Richard Koch, Arch.



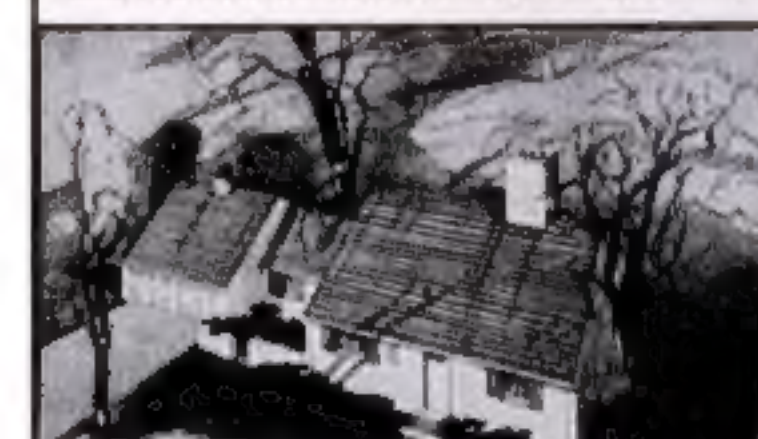
\$3-4,000 income house, William W. Wurster, Arch.



\$3-4,000 income house, H. Roy Kelley, Arch.



\$5-8,000 income house, Frank Lloyd Wright, Arch.



\$5-8,000 income house, Royal Barry Wills, Arch.



\$12,000 income house, Harrison & Foulthum, Arch.



\$12,000 income house, Aymer Embury II, Arch.



The story the papers didn't print

THERE were a lot of things old Hal Barnes could have told the papers the day he retired.

Out of the worn leather-bound books that held all the prescriptions he'd compounded in the past 40 years, he could have given them intimate glimpses into the lives, the crises, the heartbreaks of almost everybody in town.

If he chose, old Hal could have pointed to those tragic pages that told the story of despair, tragedy, and heroism the time the town was visited by the devastating flood.

But Hal Barnes doesn't talk about these things. You can't get a word out of him about

his forty years of service to the community. He'll brag about the perch he caught in Silver Lake, or the pheasant he shot last week, or what the Chamber of Commerce is doing for the town. But never a peep out of him about those emergency calls in the night—about the hours spent at his prescription counter helping alleviate pain and disease, and often, battling with death itself.

Hal knew that illness never takes a vacation—and somehow he never seemed to find time to take very many himself. Now he's getting a real one, and he's earned it. A plain man, but skilled in his profession, with an intimate knowledge of hundreds of different

drugs, and a deep-rooted ideal of service to the neighbors and friends who made up his world.

It's a fine thing for America that Hal has his counterpart in thousands of communities throughout the land.

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October 17—October 22

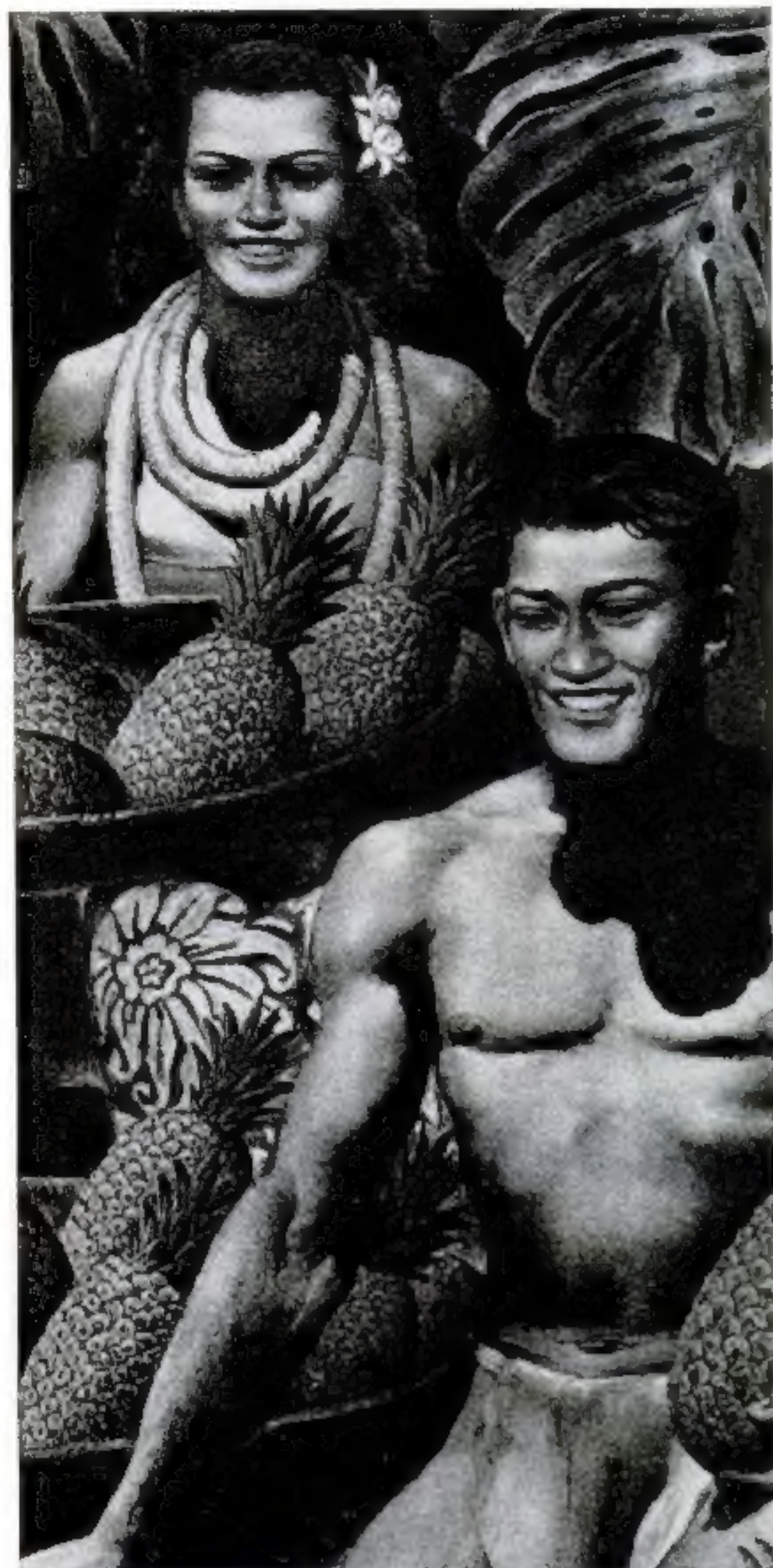
*Dedicated to a greater appreciation
of the ideals and accomplishments of
professional pharmacy*

This One



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

LIFE Houses

Sirs:

A year ago our home was destroyed by fire. Since then, we have been living in a small house and working on the plans of a bigger house on the original site.

Finally, about a week ago, we believed the plans were ready. Then along comes the Sept. 26 issue of LIFE. All six of us read the story on houses for Modern Living and look at the plans. We see many ideas which we try to incorporate into our house. Our pretty plans are all messed up and we don't know what we do want. Of all the times!! Grr!

L. J. HOOPER JR.

Bay Minette, Ala.

Sirs:

LIFE's housing portfolio brought on an acute attack of heartburning in one who is tied to a pre-U. S. Grant "mansion" with huge, drafty rooms, one bathroom, doors that won't stay closed, windows that won't open, splintery floors, long dark halls, a kitchen that requires miles of walking to prepare the simplest meal, and all the other disabilities that my ancestors considered pretty darn swell.

I'd trade the whole thing for one of those tidy little houses with lots of closet space, a bathroom 6 ft. square and a kitchen full of chromium sinks and white porcelain gadgets. The only thing I'd leave a sentimental sigh over leaving is the banister down the front stairway, polished smooth and shiny by the rumps of three generations of sliding youngsters.

MRS. J. M. DeVOE

Emporium, Pa.

Sirs:

LIFE's presentation of houses for modern living impresses me as the necessary spark to set off a building boom.

JOHN W. HANES, Commissioner
Securities & Exchange Commission
Washington, D. C.

"What About Us?"

Sirs:

It is now 9:15 a.m. Thursday, and I'm very mad indeed. Have just finished this week's issue of LIFE. 'Tis nice to know how the other half lives.

But what about the "suckers" earning \$1,500 a year—don't we rate a home? We have two children, pay \$20.50 a month for rent; each child has his own bedroom; we also have a playroom. We pay \$10.00 a month for insurance; give each child piano lessons, and the little girl has dancing; we own all our own furniture, and will soon have a "36 Willy" paid in full. We watch every penny, but as far as a "home" goes, what about us?

MRS. WINIFRED ORTH

Seattle, Wash.

● LIFE does not know of any way that the Orths can economically own their own home. LIFE's story was restricted to families with incomes of \$2,000 or more because the whole problem of housing for lower-income families remains unsolved. The two most commonly suggested solutions are presented in the two following letters.—ED.

Sirs:

The fact that, generally speaking, every home is designed and put together individually, with scores of separate firms and individuals taking part, makes the cost of home building relatively high.

Why shouldn't large firms sell homes on a nationwide scale, producing only a limited number of designs and standardizing parts as far as possible? That is why radios and automobiles have become better and cheaper.

CHARLES BOWES, Building Editor
Oklahoma Publishing Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Sirs:

Of the four families for whom you designed new houses, the only group that would be justified in seeking to own a home would be that in the \$10,000-a-year income class—and then only on the assumption that the house could be acquired outright within a short period. Otherwise home ownership involves a grossly imprudent risk, even under the most liberal form of financial aid.

The FHA has apparently already discovered—or partly discovered—the essentially fraudulent nature of an "own your own home" program of building for the groups that need it most; and it is wisely now lending money for large-scale group housing. It is only by such communal planning and housing that the economies of large-scale production and concentrated buying can be taken advantage of; it is only thus that the communal facilities necessary to complete the merely structural house can be secured.

The real job of those interested in housing is to promote building, not to promote ownership; to formulate and make available a collective demand, not to entice people into building so-called dream-houses which most of them will never own in fact and through which most of them, in the next economic crisis, will lose a good part of their life savings, and in addition, of course, the house itself.

LEWIS MUMFORD

Amenia, N. Y.

● LIFE does not agree with Mr. Mumford that families earning from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year cannot afford to own homes. Since the monthly cost of owning a house is about equal to the cost of renting, it can hardly be considered "grossly imprudent" to run the risk of general economic disaster. However, LIFE would warn home builders to stay within their rent budgets and not let the excitement of building carry them beyond it.

As for group housing, either public or private, there is no doubt that it realizes considerable economies and it may be the eventual solution for low-income families. But the American people still want individual houses, and LIFE, accepting this fact, aimed to show what they can get for their money. It is up to crusaders like Mr. Mumford, author of *The Culture of Cities*, to convince the American People that they want group housing.—ED.

Sirs:

I don't think I have ever seen anything in any publication which deserves higher commendation than your 22 pages of modern homes.

JESSE H. JONES, Chairman
Reconstruction Finance Corp.
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

Your presentation of the problem gives people a better conception of what they can do with their income in getting the kind of houses they have always wanted.

STEWART McDONALD
Administrator

Federal Housing Administration
Washington, D. C.

Reader's Choice

Sirs:

Do I like the "modern" house? You bet I do, and I hope Youth doesn't let a few old fogies down that modern trend.

I hope to have my new home by next summer. Congratulations to Frank Lloyd Wright and his "little private club."

BETTY FORBES

Fort Smith, Ark.

Sirs:

I vote for traditional House. Modern Houses are like a flashy suit of clothes. OK if you have several suits. But no good if you have to wear it every day.

Expect to build in 1939. None of these Modern things with no space to store a trunk or an old pair of shoes. Wife and I are 50 and need storage space and like our comfort.

H. A. WARNER

Seattle, Wash.

As LIFE goes to press, the "traditional" houses are leading the vote by about three to two. However, the most popular single house is Frank Lloyd Wright's "modern." Further returns will be published next week.—ED.

Four Families' Choice

Sirs:

What I would like to know is which houses—"modern" or "traditional"—were picked by the four families for which they were designed?

ALFRED GRANGER

Chicago, Ill.

The Ramseys of Atlanta (\$2,000-\$3,000 a year) prefer their "traditional" by Richard Koch.

The Calverts of Los Angeles (\$3,000-\$4,000) prefer their "traditional" by H. Roy Kelley.

The Blackburns of Minneapolis (\$5,000-\$6,000) prefer their "modern" by Frank Lloyd Wright.

The Smiths of Wynote, Pa. (\$10,000-\$12,000) prefer their "traditional" by Aymar Embury.—ED.

Brodie Sketches

Sirs:

May I congratulate you on what I believe is the smartest stunt that tradi-

tionally smart LIFE has pulled in months—the use in two recent issues (Sept. 19, Oct. 3) of Howard Brodie's sketches.

Of course, LIFE is essentially a picture magazine. These drawings of Brodie's, it seems to me, added a zestful variety to your magazine that just can't be duplicated.

And it also seems to me (as I sit here at the typewriter with LIFE at my elbow slightly overwhelmed by the magnificence of the fellow's drawing) that there should be numerous more assignments where intimacy of subject matter requires the personal interpretation of an artist like Brodie who combines artistic talent, editorial judgment and a keen insight into his subject—something that even a cameraman can't smack with every shot.

BILL RICHARDSON

New York, N. Y.

LIFE recognizes the power of drawings to depict things which may escape the camera. Howard Brodie, formerly of the San Francisco Chronicle is now a member of LIFE's staff.—ED.

Younger Horsewoman

Sirs:

In your Sept. 12 issue you had a picture of the youngest entry, a 4-year-old girl, in the horse show organized by



SARAH ELIZABETH STEPHENSON

Harvey Gibson at North Conway, N. H.

I thought it might interest you to know about the youngest entry ever to be in a horse show, so far as I know.

My daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, who is 23 months old, was in the National Chickamauga Celebration horse show, at Happy Valley Farms here on Sept. 17.

Her own pony took sick in the afternoon and that night she trotted around the ring on a strange pony, and stole the show.

WM. G. STEPHENSON, M.D.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Orchids for March of Time

Sirs:

Cannot resist writing to tell you how thrilled I was at the last two March of Time broadcasts, enacting the scenes taking place in Europe. It was so marvelously and realistically done and I was so stirred, I could hardly move from my chair when it was over. We Americans should be grateful indeed for the privilege of being able to hear anything as wonderful and thrilling as the March of Time broadcast.

MRS. SIDNEY LIPPITT

San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

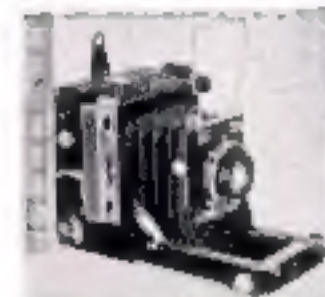
For crystallizing a period of history, for wringing from the European crisis the essence of melodrama, for using your great power to mold public opinion, warily and with integrity—many thanks to the March of Time! I had goose pimples and tears during your Czechoslovakian program.

LIBBIE BLOCK

Denver, Col.



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Get a Miniature 2 1/4 x 3 1/4
SPEED GRAPHIC



66% smaller than any Speed Graphic ever built! Only 5 1/4" high, 4 1/8" wide and 1 1/2" deep! Has all the features of the larger Speed Graphic plus these new ones: built-in focal plane shutter flash synchronization . . . all-metal bed . . . helical racks and pinions . . . dual focusing controls . . . interchangeable molded lensboard . . . accessory internally coupled range finder. See it at your Dealer's.

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A MASTER'S STROKE
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Automatically
REAL BLADES . . . REVOLVING
You Can Hear It Cut!

CUTAWAY VIEW SHOWS:
"A"—COMB on two sides of protective sleeve, guides whiskers into cutting slot at "B".
"C"—FOUR ROTATING SPIRAL BLADES, ground and oil-honed to a keen edge, shave . . . do not slip whiskers.
"D"—GUIDE PIN, held flat on face, maintains correct shaving position.

\$15.00
In Canada \$17.50

Gentlemen and Beard-Curser! Give thanks for a certain day in 1935 . . . a day when a famous inventor set out to create an electric safety razor; one with real keen-edged blades! His sensational shaving invention is presented now—a razor that automatically brings the perfection of a barber's skillful blade to every man who uses it!

A REAL ELECTRIC SAFETY RAZOR!

Manning-Bowman Zephyr is the only electric shaving device with real razor blades . . . ground and honed to a keen cutting edge. Four spiral blades of finest surgical steel—self-honing—rotate at high speed inside a thin steel protective sleeve. Cut whiskers clean and close,

with a smooth diagonal stroke. Even perspiration-wilted whiskers are shaved easily. And its quietness comes from its straight line power delivery.

IT'S EASY to get the knack of Zephyr shaving. You get a good shave by following a few simple instructions—Place guide fin flat against the face . . . Move the Zephyr lightly and briskly against the grain. It handles naturally, comfortably, at any angle; will not pull, cut, burn or irritate the skin. Shaves with amazing speed. Guaranteed by a 74-year old company with a reputation for the finest electric appliances.

Try it at your dealer's today, or send the coupon for illustrated folder!

MANNING-BOWMAN

Zephyr
ELECTRIC RAZOR

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.
I would like the whole story on the Manning-Bowman Zephyr. Please send illustrated folder.

Name _____ City _____
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Page 4

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...



Britons and their babies make a gas-mask queue at Lambeth Town Hall

...WAR CAME CLOSE TO BRITISH GARDENS



DIGGERS AT WORK IN A PARK

A people living in the shadow of war, as the English have lived in recent months, grows used to things like scare headlines and black-outs and fleet movements. It takes some sudden shock to their everyday emotions to drive home the fact that war may come tonight or tomorrow morning. Not until lawn-loving Britain was forced to uproot its favorite dahlia and rhododendron patches and dig up its green parks to make room for air-raid shelters did the insular British fully realize the imminence and horror of a Second World War. "How horrible, fantastic, incredible it is that we should be digging trenches and trying on gas masks," shuddered Prime Minister Chamberlain. The sight of thousands of workmen digging miles of shelter trenches in stately parks and shady squares sent more goose pimples down British spines than all the diplomatic tightrope walking and saber-rattling of the previous weeks. There was no panic but men stood in thick lines and mothers brought their babies to be fitted with gas masks.

These historic pictures show London, capital of a proud world empire, becoming a front-line trench. Not since William the Conqueror in 1066 has England been invaded. In the World War German air raiders dropped about 270 tons of bombs, killing 1,414 people—pinpricks compared to the 100 tons of bombs London may expect in a day in the next war. The digging has ceased but the trenches remain—grim reminders of how close England came to war.



Hampstead Heath, suburban London haunt for week-end walks, is pitted with trenches. Throughout England, unemployed men stacked sandbags, built underground shelters, dug miles of air-raid trenches.



Hyde Park, the Central Park of London, flanked by expensive hotels, famed for horseback riders and soapbox orators, becomes the site of air-raid shelters. Note the varied expressions on onlookers' faces.



Kensington Gardens, popular strolling place of nursemaids with the children of upper-class Britain, is feverishly torn

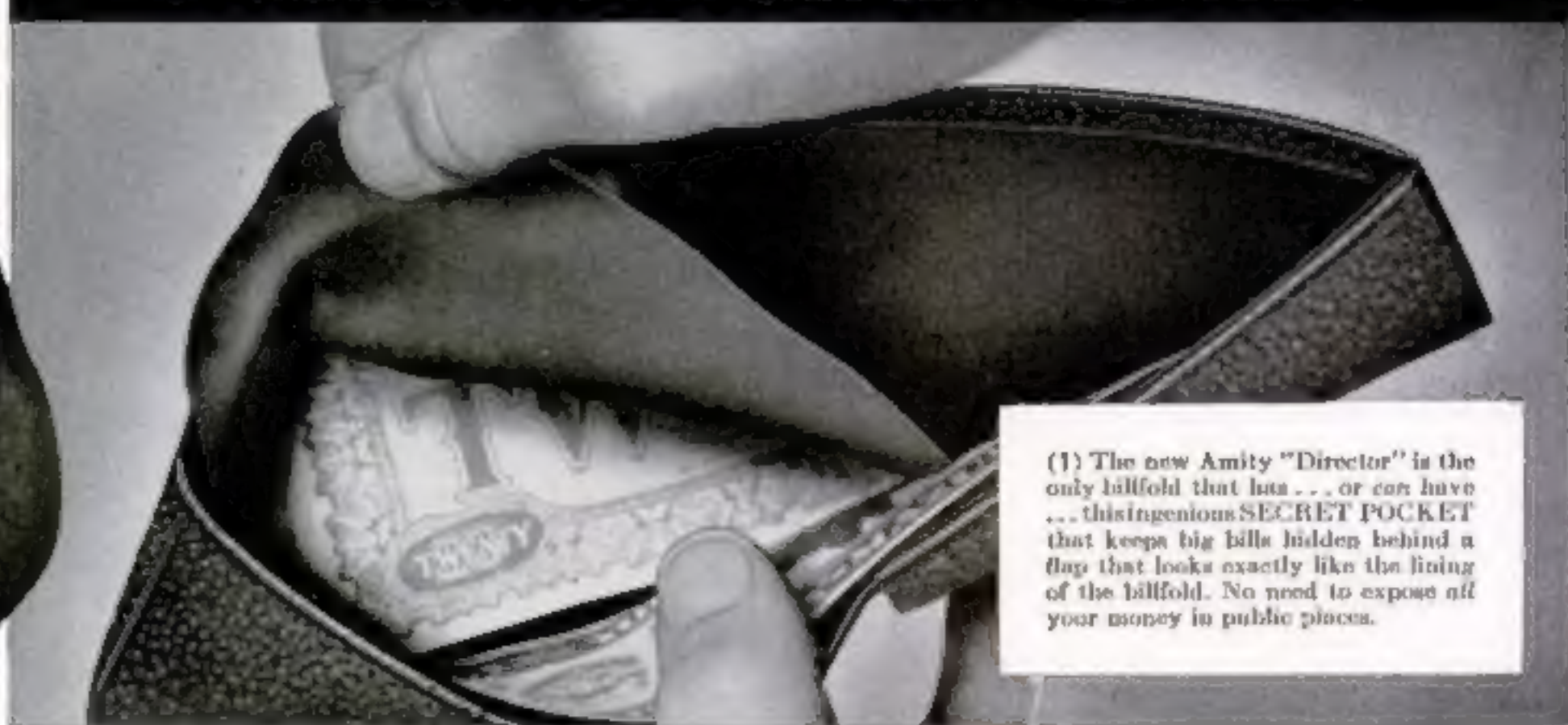
up. The trench shelters being built are 5 ft. wide, 7 ft. deep, with wooden floors and corrugated iron roofs covered

with earth. They are entered by sloping runways leading to gas-tight double doors. Diggers worked day and night.



"This Secret Pocket keeps my money out of sight!"

ONLY THE "DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD
HAS THIS SECRET POCKET



(1) The new Amity "Director" is the only billfold that has... or can have... this ingenious SECRET POCKET that keeps big bills hidden behind a flap that looks exactly like the lining of the billfold. No need to expose all your money in public places.

8 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES! IT'S THE "DIRECTOR" ... DESIGNED BY A MILLION MEN!



(2) This patented exclusive feature puts an end to "locked-out" accidents for "Director" owners. Duplicate keys to house and car are kept safe and handy in this concealed pocket. May be removed easily and quickly, but can't possibly spill out.

AND 5 OTHER FEATURES

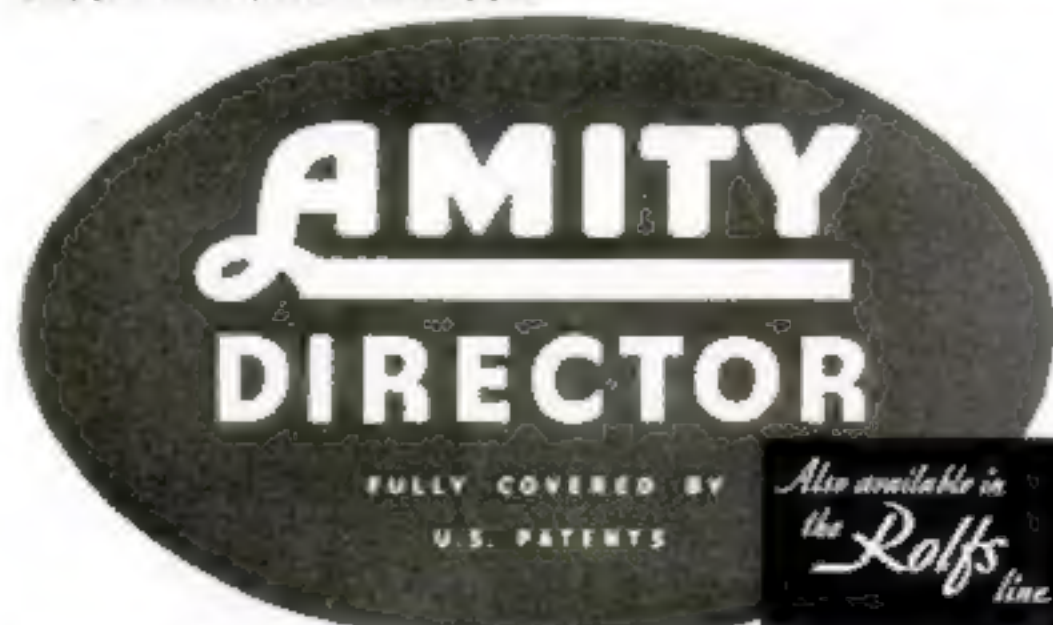
(4) Free Registration Service to protect you against loss; (5) Branded Genuine Leathers; (6) Card File with different-colored transparent celluloid cases for quick identification of cards, passes, etc.; (7) Sliding Stay to prevent bulkiness when billfold is full; (8) Edges Turned and Stitched for thin construction and longer wear.



Most Unusual Billfold in the World is the new "Director" in genuine panda-grain calf. Exclusive! The famous LA GARDE line of smartly styled handbags... with convenience features of universal feminine appeal... also features this distinctive grain.

THERE has never been a billfold like this before. It's absolutely new. More than that... it is absolutely right. We know it's right... because it was literally "designed by a million men," who told us specifically just what they thought a good billfold should be like. The "Director" has eight exclusive features... and every feature means something. There isn't a single useless "gadget" in the lot. See the trim, distinctive-looking "Director" with its marvelous convenience and protection features at your dealer's today.

All "Director" billfolds are smartly plain-tailored of finest genuine top-grain leathers, and moderately priced according to the kind of leather used: No. 601, black or brown morocco-grained cowhide, \$3.50. No. 605, black or brown shrunken calf, \$5. No. 625, black or brown genuine panda-grain calf, \$5. No. 611, brown ostrich, \$10.



FULLY COVERED BY
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Also available in
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(3) No "scrambling around" for cards when you carry a "Director." This patented Sliding Card Pocket brings cards, passes, identification, car license, etc. into full view instantly and individually. No other billfold has it!

NEW PATENTED "DIRECTOR" KEY KADDY

See the new patented Amity "Director" removable hook Key Kaddy that lets you remove each key individually... easily and quickly and without danger of others spilling. Available in matched sets with "Director" billfolds... or individually at \$1.50 and up.



DON'T ASK FOR A BILLFOLD... DEMAND A "DIRECTOR"! See it today at leading dealers'... or order direct from AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO., WEST BEND, WIS., manufacturers of **AMITY**... *Rolfs*... and *LaGarde* fine leather products

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

While England dug trenches and made eleventh-hour efforts to bolster up weak spots in her anti-aircraft defense, France called up army reserves, rushed them to the famed Maginot Line, and prepared for full mobilization. All over France reservists said their goodbys, and trudged off in little groups, parish priests by their side. In one Paris district reservists were herded through a mobilized garage (bottom picture). First arrivals got full equipment; latecomers got coats and caps, but no trousers.



ONE OF A MILLION "GOODBYS" AS RESERVES LEAVE FOR THE FRONT



CITIZENS OF PANTIN WALK SILENTLY TO THE STATION. NOTICE PRIESTS



RESERVISTS GET OLD, ILL-FITTING UNIFORMS IN MOBILIZED PARIS GARAGE

HERE'S LONESOME LOU

KNITTING ONE, PURLING TWO
—SHE THINKS THE
BAD BREATH ADS MEAN YOU!



ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?



DON'T GET MAD, SIS! PLEASE READ IT--AND THEN SEE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO OUR DENTIST TOMORROW

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

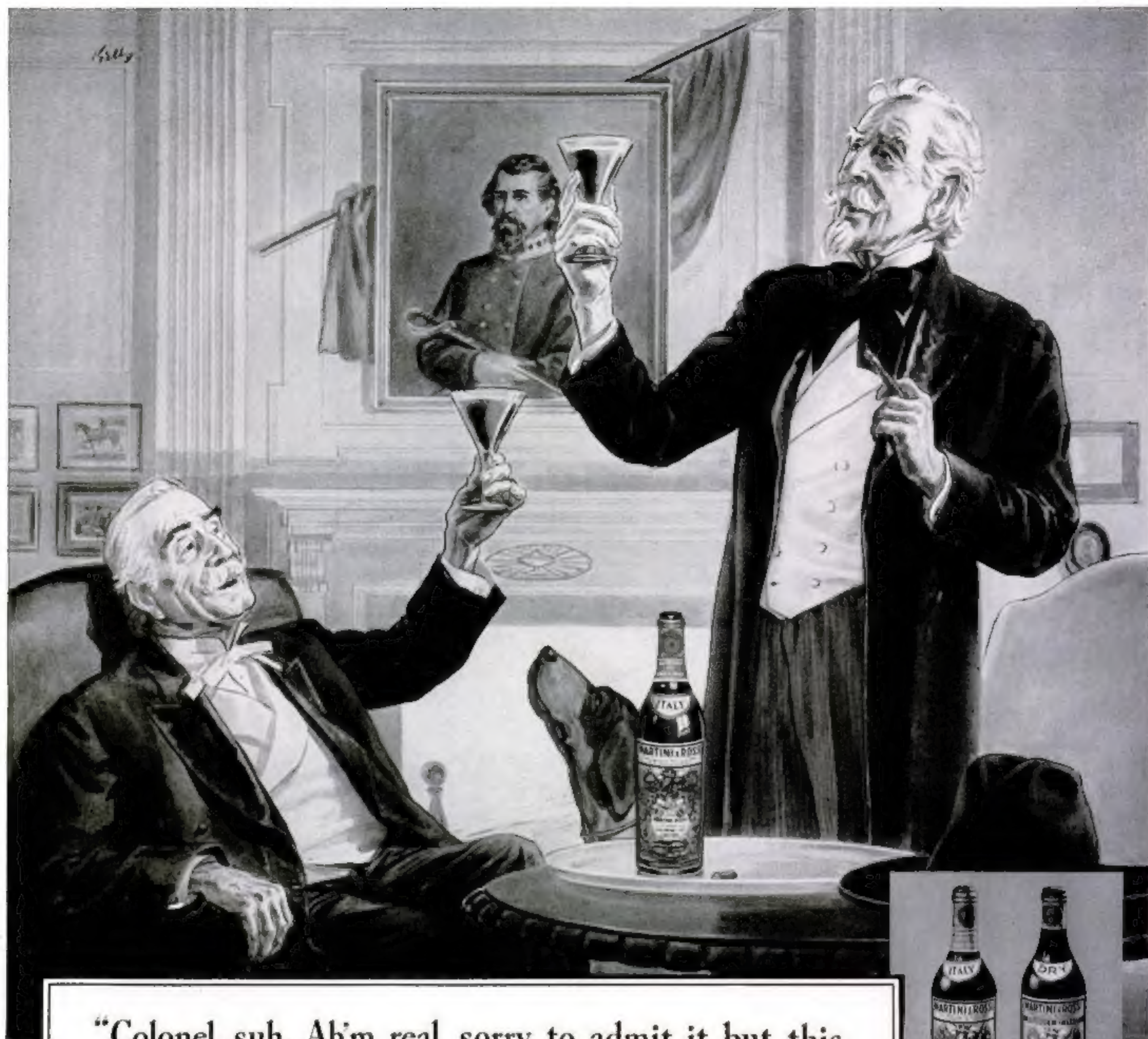


...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

IF YOU KEEP GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT LIKE THIS, LOU, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH MY SWEATER MYSELF!





"Colonel, suh. Ah'm real sorry to admit it but this Vermouth tastes as good as a mint julep!"

Of course this is heresy and Colonel Anderson will certainly lose his Commission tomorrow. But vermouth, the spiced wine, is delicious. You know it in cocktails—but try vermouth straight, for variety. It has a subtle, rich, bitter-sweet flavor. You can almost taste the sunshine of Italy which ripened the grapes. Try it straight (and chilled) and you'll understand why vermouth has become one of the great drinks of the world—so international and universal that serving and enjoying it is a surer sign you've been

abroad than the labels on your luggage. Enjoy it straight, with soda, in cocktails—before meals, during meals, after meals—vermouth is very versatile. Of course we mean Martini & Rossi vermouth, world's standard for generations.

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MARTINI & ROSSI
THE INTERNATIONAL NAME FOR **VERMOUTH**



Alcohol by vol. Italy 15.95% — Dry 18%

3 MOODS IN 1 BOTTLE
(Either Bottle)

1. **Be gay**—have a Manhattan or Martini.
2. **Be moderate**—have vermouth straight. Served chilled in cocktail glass.
3. **Be conservative**—have vermouth and soda. Mixed like a highball, using vermouth instead of whiskey.

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The cover picture of Carole Lombard was taken in her home on Sept. 23 by LIFE's Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt. Invisible now is the scar on her face that once threatened to end her movie career when she was just well started at 18. An auto accident that nearly proved her undoing sent her into Mack Sennett comedies where she acquired the sure sense of timing that makes her today Hollywood's highest paid star, the Garbo of crackpot comedies. For Carole Lombard's life in pictures and text, turn to the article by Noel F. Busch on page 48.

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*A clerk showed a shopper one day
 Smart gloves all arranged on a tray.
 Said the miss, "They look grand
 But I buy by the brand.
 If they're 'Kaysuede' by Kayser—Okay!"*

SIMPLE, smart lines and soft rayon Kaysuede* distinguish these new Kayser gloves... the kind you buy by the half-dozen and wear everywhere! Creed-stitched by hand in contrasting colors... effective with town or country clothes. Ten new shades that wash safely as your hands! Made in U.S.A. \$1.00 a pair.

BE WISER...BUY

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*Trade Mark Reg.

AT SMART STORES THE WORLD OVER

"And I Can Make It Talk"

YOU'RE right about that, Sonny. At eight or eighty it's easy for any one to use the telephone. And year after year the service gets better and better.

This country leads the world in telephone service because it leads in telephone research. Thousands of scientists, engineers and assistants are constantly at work in the Bell Telephone Laboratories to make the service faster, clearer and more economical. No part of the Bell System is more important to you as a telephone user.

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Your good telephone service is made possible by the constant research of Bell Telephone Laboratories



THE REPUBLICANS SING WITH NEW ZIP AND ZING

The man in the middle (*above*) is Judge Arthur H. James, Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. Stumping the State with his "Miners' Quartet," he is singing for votes in the Nov. 8 elections.

Six years ago this picture would have been shocking. Only a Republican candidate suddenly gone soft in the head would have thus demeaned himself in a State which for 63 years, under the rule of Cameron, Quay, Penrose, Vare, and Mellon had been his Party's most rock-ribbed province.

One year ago James's performance would have seemed pathetic. After the routs of 1932, 1934 and 1936, about all that Republicans in Pennsylvania and elsewhere seemed to have left was their dignity.

In October, 1938, this picture is exciting. Reason: Judge James has an excellent chance of becoming the next Governor of Pennsylvania. And he is not unique. Almost unnoticed in the excitement over the Democratic Purge and the European crisis, Republican

prospects have been looking up throughout the land. In State after State, political experts are now giving G.O.P. candidates fighting chances of victory in November. The latest Gallup Poll shows that Republicans are due to win at least 60 new seats in the U. S. House. The G.O.P., lately dull, dispirited and despised, is full of beans.

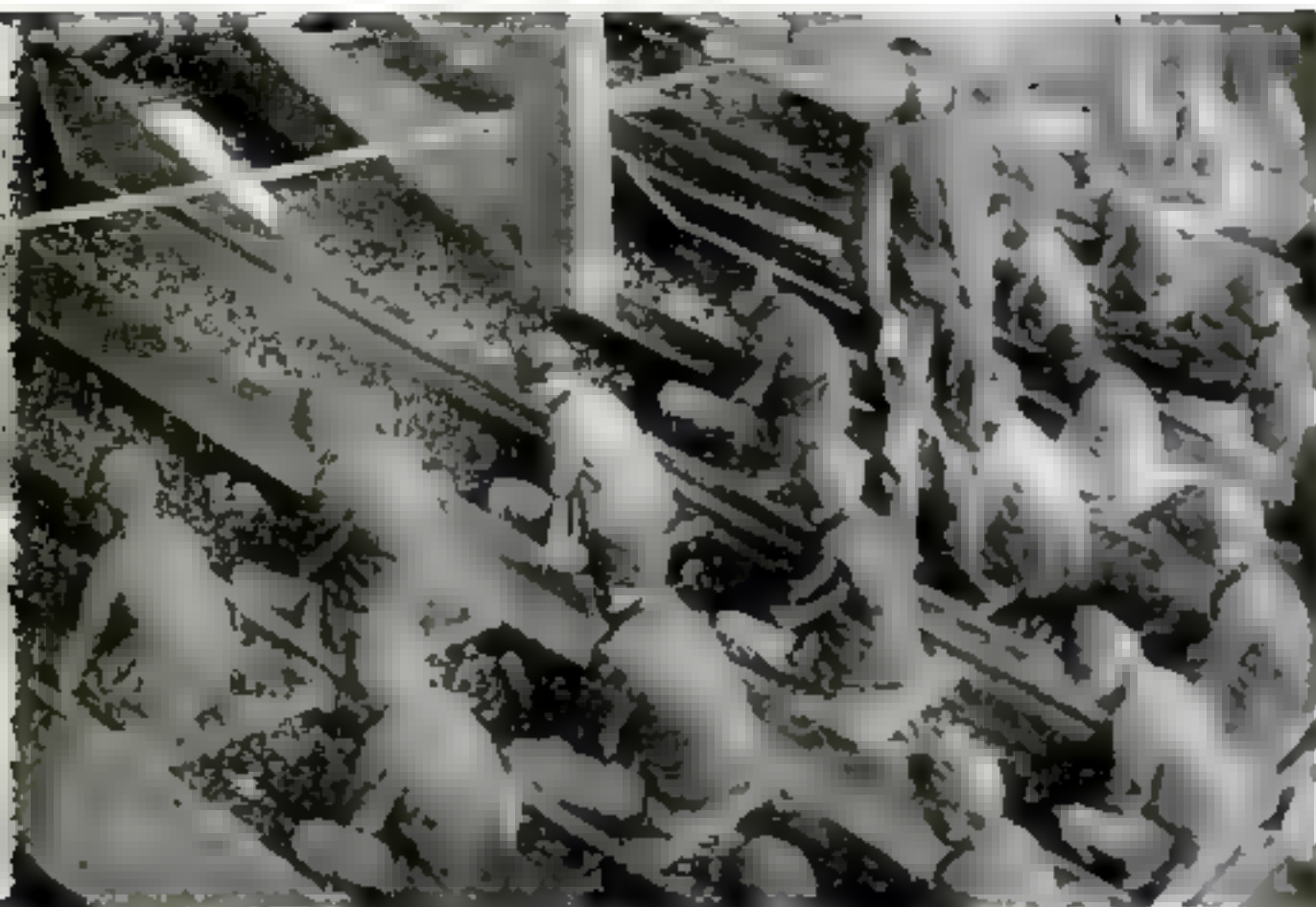
That is big news. But it is not really as surprising as it first seems. Despite Republican weakness in recent years, this is still a country of more than one political party. After observing the course of one-Party government in Europe, many a citizen is more determined than ever to keep political debate alive in America. Hence Republicans expect to benefit next month by votes for a stronger Opposition.

Republican hopes are also raised by the facts that: 1) the magical name of Franklin Roosevelt is not on this year's ballots; 2) there are rumblings of revolt against the New Deal in the farm belt, traditional

Republican territory, as bumper crops send prices plummeting despite five years of crop control; 3) to many a Democrat (notably in Pennsylvania) sticks mud slung by fellow partisans in primary fights; 4) by all the rules of American history, a trend is eventually bound to set in against the Party in power.

The crowning hope of the G.O.P. for a comeback is staked on the fact of Depression. They believe that American voters will not indefinitely accept Reform and Government spending as substitutes for the Prosperity which they have always previously demanded, on pain of ouster, of the Party in power.

No realistic Republican, comparing his shattered Party machines with the entrenched power of the Democrats, expects a great sweep next month. What the G.O.P. does hope for is a good, fresh start toward 1940. As a positive attraction it is offering new faces. To see more of Judge James, and of other stand-out candidates in key States, turn the page.



Breaker boys picked slate out of coal by hand, a job now done by machinery. James displays this picture proudly, though he is not in it

PENNSYLVANIA: BREAKER BOY



Candidate James's "Miners' Quartet" is the Pennsylvania equivalent of a Texas hillbilly band. He uses it to impress voters with the fact that he was once a "breaker boy" (see above) in Pennsylvania's mines. Actually, though a miner's son, Judge James worked in the mines only during his schoolday vacations, but this helps offset the Democrats' C.I.O. and A.F. of L. backing. He started in life as a lawyer, climbed the political ladder as district attorney, lieutenant governor and since 1932 judge of the State Superior Court. Anti-New Deal and pro-Business, he is waging his campaign chiefly on the State issue of the corruption charged to the administration of Democratic Governor Earle by fellow Democrats in last spring's mud-slinging primary. A shrewd, vigorous campaigner with plenty of political "It," he is largely ignoring his mild, colorless Democratic opponent, Charles A. Jones. Chief attacking point on Candidate James is the fact that, defying judicial ethics, he has held on to his \$18,000-a-year judgeship while making the campaign.



James's home is a white frame house in Plymouth, the mining town outside Wilkes-Barre where he was born. He answers the doorbell himself.



As a campaigner, James's prime assets are his curly hair and freckles, folksy manner, Welsh success-

try and lusty singing of Welsh songs. No orator, he is at his best going through a crowd shaking hands.



Galabad is in the parlor and "Mom," his mother-in-law, is mistress of Judge James's home. A widower,

he has a son, 19, a daughter, 24. He is a Methodist and Mason, likes boiled dinners, reads Welsh Bible.



Leverett Saltonstall, 48, lean, rawboned, ruddy-faced, bristly-haired, with the long jaw which has character-

ized his distinguished family for generations, could pose for anybody's "Portrait of a Yankee Squire."



Saltonstall's home is a rambling, old-fashioned house in Newton. He prefers his farm at Dover, where he put-

ters in old clothes, raises chickens, chops wood and rides horseback. He has three sons, two daughters.



At Harvard (Class of 1914) Saltonstall (left) played hockey and football, rowed on the crew. He went to War with the 501st Artillery.

MASSACHUSETTS: BLUEBLOOD



Heavily in the favor of Leverett Saltonstall, Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, is the fact that thousands of Massachusetts Democrats detest their own Party's nominee, scandal-scarred ex-Governor Jim Curley. But Candidate Saltonstall, a rich man with a social conscience, is so naive that when disgruntled Democratic machine politicians came offering their support, he told them that if elected he must of course take care of Republicans first, would give them whatever jobs were left, if any. Speaker of the Massachusetts House for eight years, he is generally rated as the most honest, best-liked man in State politics. His Bostonian blueblood ancestry is a stiff handicap in Massachusetts, as is the reactionary reputation of Massachusetts Republicanism. But his genuinely warm, friendly manner makes a hit in personal-contact campaigning, and he points with pride to his liberal record as legislator. He is a director of Perkins Institute for the Blind, trustee of Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, manager of Farm and Trade School.



Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., by defeating Curley in 1896, proved bluebloods can sometimes beat the Irish at their own political game.



INDIANA: COUNTRY EDITOR



POP. 2,452,918

CORN, STEEL, AUTOS, AUTHORS

the Ku Klux Klan when it was riding high in Indiana. He is a thoroughgoing conservative and believes that the New Deal is ruining the country's business. He served in the State Legislature in 1919-21, his only public office.

Mr. Willis won the Republican nomination for Senator largely because he was almost the only candidate not tainted by association with ex-Senator Jim Watson's Old Guard faction or the Ku Klux Klan. He is given small chance to win in November. The Republican Party in Indiana is shattered by factionalism, lack of patronage and lack of funds, while the Democratic machine bossed by ex-Governor Paul V. McNutt, now High Commissioner to the Philippines, is one of the tightest, toughest in the land.

Even some of the anti-Roosevelt vote may be diverted from Candidate Willis. The Democratic nominee, Senator Frederick Van Nuys, was publicly slated for the Purge for opposing President Roosevelt's Court Bill. He escaped only because the McNutt machine feared that, running as an independent, he would split the Party and hurt its boss's chance for the Presidency in 1940. Before the machine gave him renomination, Senator Van Nuys promised to expose "corruption" at the State House under the Democratic regime. Republicans are now badgering him to make good his promise. The embarrassed Senator bravely retorts that everybody has made mistakes, that the Democrats are big enough to clean their own house as Republicans never would.

Raymond E. Willis, the Republican candidate for U. S. Senator from Indiana, was born in Waterloo, Ind., on Aug. 11, 1875, one of nine children of a country editor. After working his way through Wabash College, he went to Angola, Ind. (pop. 2,665) in 1896 to start in life as a printer. Two years later he bought an interest in a weekly newspaper, *The Steuben County Republican*. He has edited it ever since. Since the birth and death of a child a quarter-century ago, Mrs. Willis has been a chronic invalid, unable to walk. Mr. Willis' chief interest in life, aside from civic affairs, has been in helping crippled children. As an editor, he supported the Dry cause, bucked



The New Deal takes a beating in the Willis parlor as Candidate Willis rehearses a speech with his wife holding the copy. As an orator, Raymond Willis' chief asset is his indubitable sincerity.



Not even Czechoslovakia's fate can reconcile Candidate Willis to the Hull reciprocal trade treaties as he is up (left) But'n shoes and other cheap imports. Right: he sets up his own editorials on the linotype.

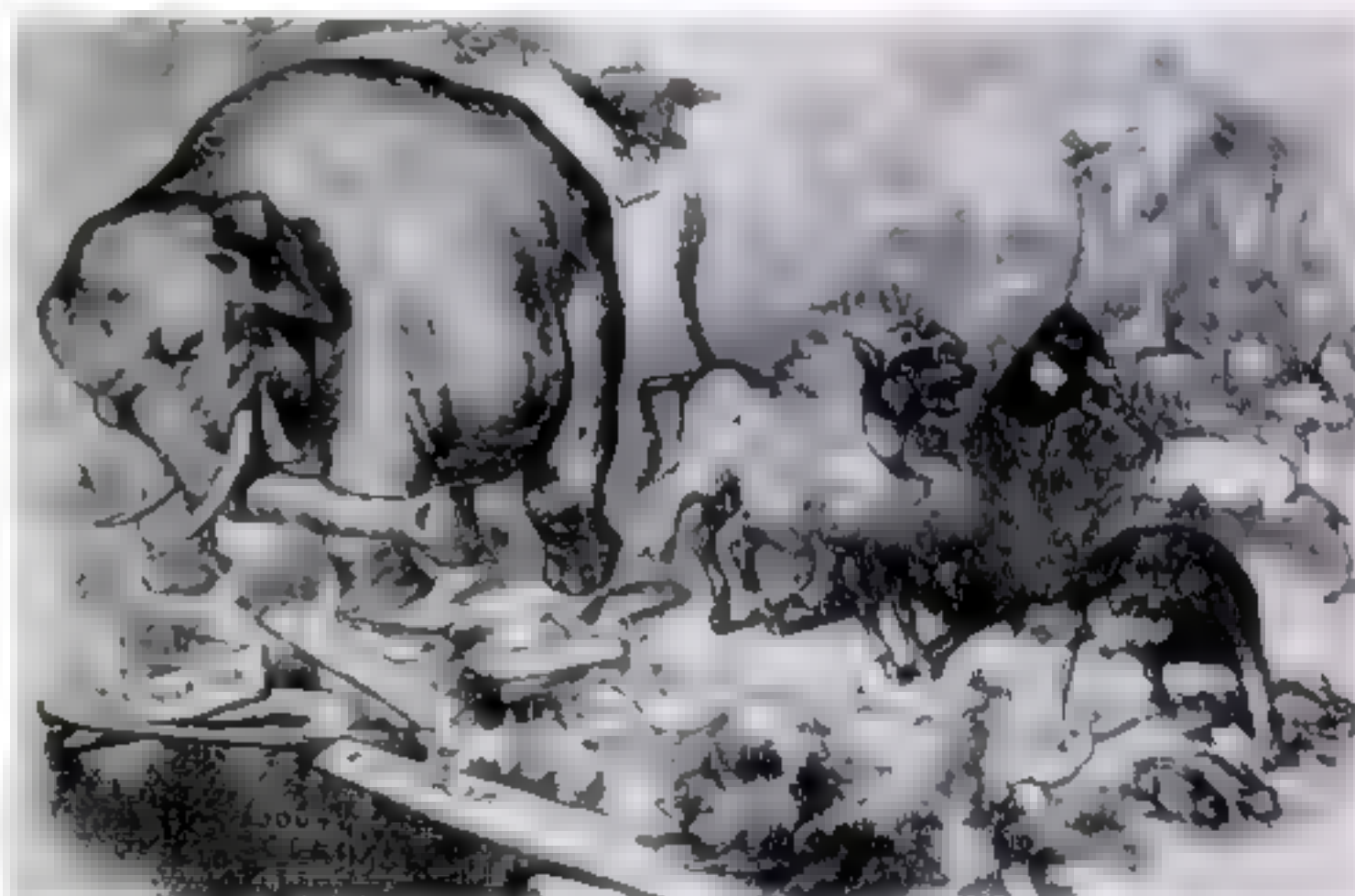


For 20 years Mr. Willis has been superintendent of Angola's Congregational Sunday School. He is a 32nd degree Mason, was State Governor of Rotary in 1934-35.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



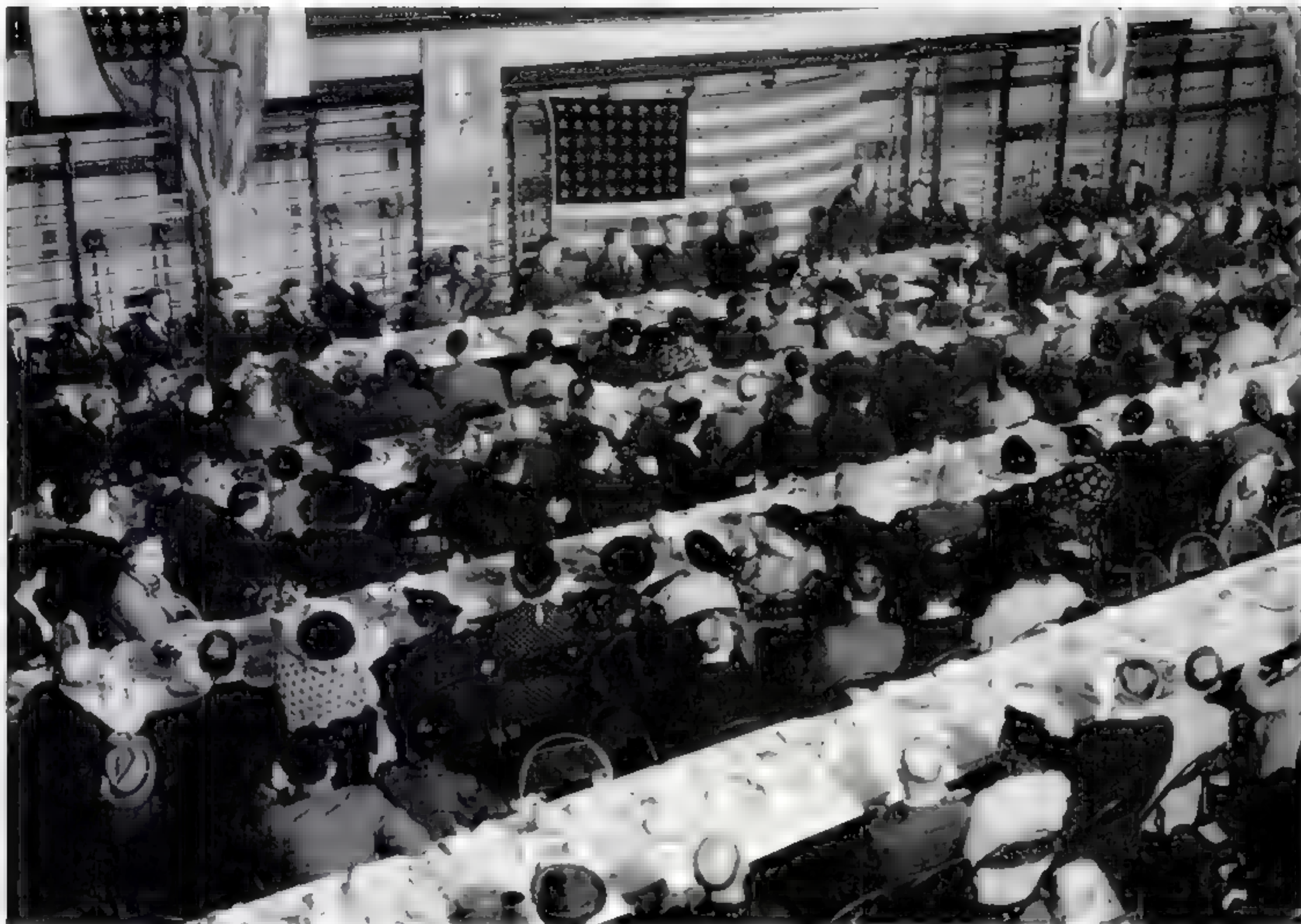
William Howard Taft, shown as he took over the Presidency from Theodore Roosevelt, was the outstanding career man of American history, successively U. S. Senator, Circuit Judge, Governor of the Philippines, Secretary of War, President, Chief Justice.



The Republican elephant first appeared in a cartoon by Thomas Nast in 1874. It concerned fears that U. S. Grant, first Republican President from Ohio, would seek a third term.



A clean-cut family is a sound political asset. Here Candidate Taft (center) poses with his wife and four sons (l. to r.). William Howard, 23, Horace, 13, Lloyd, 15, Robert Jr., 21.



Most Republican candidates applaud the New Deal's social objectives, attack its methods. Candidate Taft, shown above as he addressed a G.O.P. dinner in Zanesville, favors Res-

lif, but with local, non-partisan administration; Social Security, but on a pay-as-you-go basis. His attacks on AAA regimentation are considered certain to win him the farm vote.

OHIO: REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT'S SON



POP. 6,713,000
STEEL, TIRES, PRESIDENTS

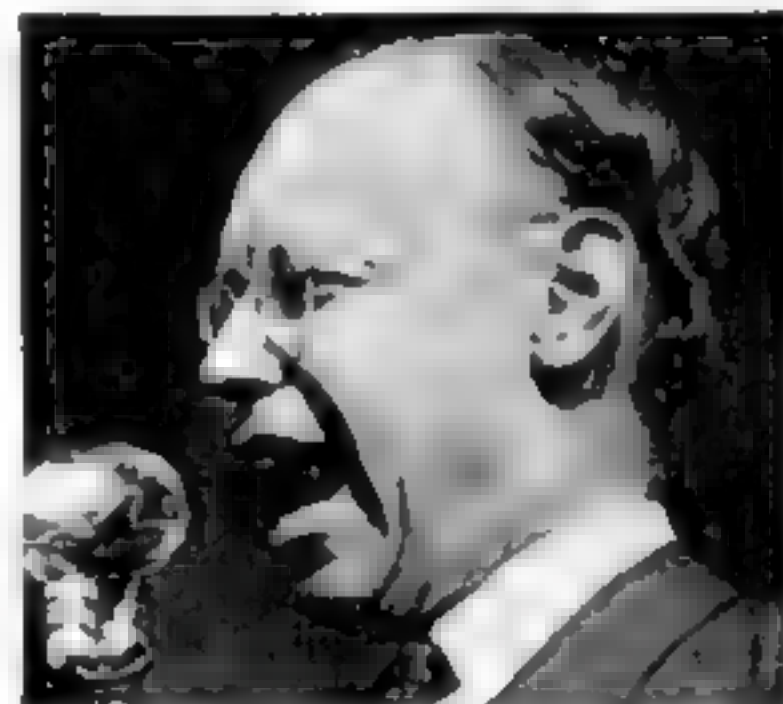
ories of Lincoln and Douglas by arranging a series of face-to-face debates, beginning Oct. 8 at Marietta, with his Democratic opponent for a seat in the U. S. Senate, Senator Robert J. Bulkley.

At extreme left, thin-haired Mr. Taft is shown from rear addressing a campaign crowd in Caldwell. No spellbinder, he makes his impression by scholarly mastery of fact and argument, the depth of his belief in the American traditions which he thinks the New Deal is destroying.

In the great pivotal State of Ohio, the prospects of a

G.O.P. swingback led by Candidate Taft and his able running-mate for Governor, John W. Bricker, are brightened by the tide of unpopular Democratic Governor Martin Davey. Defeated for renomination and roundly censured by the U.S. Social Security Board for playing politics with pension funds, Governor Davey has forbidden 25,000 State employees to give their usual active support to the Democratic ticket.

At Harvard Law School, Yaleman Taft edited the *Review*, passed his bar examinations with the highest marks in his class. He settled in Cincinnati, the Taft home town, to practice law. There he has been an outstandingly useful citizen, active in church, school, charitable and civic affairs, serving in Ohio's House of Representatives and Senate. If Ohio sends him to the U.S. Senate on Nov. 8, he may or may not go on to rival his father's career. Like the three candidates on the preceding pages, he has yet to be tested in the national spotlight. Except for New York's racket-busting Tom Dewey, the same is true of other promising new Republican candidates for Governor or Senator, including the best pear-grower in California, a Vanderbilt in Rhode Island, a vigorous 31-year-old named Stassen in Minnesota, a young, unbossed team in Connecticut. On these LIFE will train its cameras in the remaining weeks before elections. From among them may come what the Republican Party so urgently needs, a new national leader.



Republican Taft cracks at his rival with the slogan: "Ohio needs a voice as well as a vote."



Democrat Bulkley, faithful New Dealer, strenuously denies that he is a Roosevelt "yes man."

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Roosevelt calls for peace at home as Europe weighs the aftermath of Munich

With the European crisis at intermission, America turned again to its problems at home. Problem No. 1 was still Depression. The stockmarket surged upward as war tension broke. But the tension of the feud between Government and Business, gripping the forces of Recovery, remained unbroken.

At this juncture, President Roosevelt took a curious way to make a curious statement. Donning the mask of "White House Spokesman" regularly used by cautious Calvin Coolidge, he announced that an analogy could be drawn between Europe's war crisis and America's economic crisis. Europe's saber-rattling and mobilization of armies, said the Spokesman, are paralleled here by Business' attacks on the New Deal.



HOOK

When Europe stopped rattling sabers, peace was achieved. Better business could be expected, the Spokesman declared, if businessmen would learn from Europe's lesson, adopt a co-operative attitude toward Government.

The White House spokesman blandly ignored two prime facts: 1) Europe's peace represented the world's greatest triumph of saber-rattling; 2) saber-rattling in America has been by no means one-sided. The Spokesman said nothing about an end to New Deal attacks on "Tories," "economic royalists," "reactionaries," "moneyed aristocrats."

Tactfully the National Association of Manufacturers' President Charles R. Hook reminded the Spokesman that co-operation must, by definition, be two-sided. "Businessmen," said he, "by nature are optimists, otherwise they would not take the risk of their money and energy in hope of making a reasonable profit. But optimism thrives on encouragement from other groups and is weakened when it is too much scolded or threatened. With encouragement from leaders in public life, business optimism would rise rapidly."



TOBIN

C.I.O. before public reaction overtakes both sides. A. F. of L. die-hards shrugged, but up rose the Teamsters' Daniel J. Tobin, leader of the Federation's biggest union, to demand a peace conference. He suggested that points unsettled be referred to an impartial mediator. Possible mediator: Roosevelt.

Auto Ruction. One factional Labor fight which got settled last week was that among the leaders of C.I.O.'s most bumptious union, the United Automobile Workers. On Oct. 4, the C.I.O. "arbiters" appointed by John L. Lewis ordered immediate rem-

statement of Vice President Richard Frankenstein and the three other officials recently expelled by President Homer Martin. That apparently cooked the goose of Mr. Martin, but it did not end U.A.W. ructions. On Oct. 7 in Detroit the U.A.W. local in the main Plymouth Motor plant called a strike for a 32-hour week, throwing 8,000 employees out of work. This caused the shutdown of a Briggs plant which makes Plymouth bodies, ending 9,000 more jobs. To U.A.W. national headquarters, the Briggs local promptly shot an angry protest.



FRANKENSTEIN

"Self-determination" was the cry of the week, borrowed from Woodrow Wilson via Hitler. In Czechoslovakia the plebiscite idea for finding out how peoples wanted to determine themselves was falling into disfavor. But Eire's President de Valera proposed a plebiscite in Northern Ireland (Ulster) on whether the Protestants of the North wanted to join the Irish Free State. Even in Spain, there seemed growing likelihood that the Spaniards were determined to run their war themselves and perhaps even make peace themselves. Rebel General Franco adopted the tactic of bombing Loyalist cities with loaves of bread and Vienna rolls. For how the "self-determination" war of the Chinese was getting on, see pp. 26 to 34.

Partition. Hitler last week rode in triumph into Sude-



LITVINOFF

tenland four times, getting hit once squarely in the face with an admirer's thorny bouquet of roses. Germany got 11,500 square miles of Czechoslovakia. Poland, with the next biggest army, marched behind an ultimatum into steel town of Teschen and reclaimed 170,000 Poles. Hungary at week's end had got nothing of Czechoslovakia, though it dallied with ultimatums too. Prague got an ultimatum from its own citizens, the Slovaks who wanted autonomy within Czechoslovakia. At this the great Czech patriot, President Eduard Beneš, brokenheartedly resigned. Prague granted the Slovaks a government of their own, reserving control only of foreign policy, national defense and the national debt. First Premier of Slovakia



was Dr. Josef Tiso, whose devout Catholic Government will be flatly opposed to "Marxian ideology," i.e., to the alliance with Soviet Russia. Czechoslovakia, whose business language has always been German, last week made haste to get in tune with Germany. . . . Furious at France for making peace with Germany, Soviet Russia's Foreign Commissar Maxim Litvinoff shot through Paris last week, notably without making the customary courtesy call on the French Foreign Office.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

"The story of the human race," says Winston Churchill, "is War." But in old times war was amateurish enough and the intervals of peace vital enough to let men develop the arts and tools of Peace. Modern, totalitarian War, says he, has finally reached the long-sought perfection of being capable of destroying civilization. The very brains and skills and tools that make modern civilization great give civilization the power to destroy itself with ease.



CHURCHILL

What Britain's Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain really did was to ask whether modern, totalitarian War could be sold to the democracies as 1) a holy war to save the world and the German people from Hitler or 2) a war of honor to preserve a "sacred Czechoslovakia." He rejected the second because the moral and historic case for Czechoslovakia and the Treaty of Versailles did not stand up. The first was more tempting.

But the victor in a holy war against Fascism would be Soviet Russia. After that Peace, German and Polish soviet states would also look to Moscow. Whether or not this would have improved the lot of the German people, it would have presented to the Western democracies the nightmare of a single Great Power of 300,000,000 people from the Rhine to the Pacific. Rudimentary caution urged Chamberlain not to be the Soviets' cat's-paw. A better idea, it seemed, might be to let the Soviets take the first brunt of the German power in some future war between Fascism and Communism. Chamberlain chose Peace (see opposite page).

Chamberlain was certainly not Hitler's dupe. Only history can decide whether Hitler was bluffing with the threat of War, whether Chamberlain really was bluffed. But every chancellor in Europe knows that Hitler has returned Germany to the diplomacy of Bismarck. Simply put, this is merely to be nice to everybody except one nation at a time, to gobble that nation and then to pass on to another.

Anybody can join the game of guessing Hitler's next move. Chamberlain's move is to speed up rearmament, to make a fight for the air and to hold the sea. Last week he and French Premier Daladier tried to get a general "settlement" with the dictatorships to settle the war in Spain, to accept Italy's conquest of Ethiopia. Once the continent of Europe is soothed into some kind of settlement, the British Empire can concentrate again on keeping its long life lines clear through the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, the China Sea. This means Japan.



A London newsboy sells the Biggest News in the World



Sons of the Wolf, fair-haired Fascist tots of northern Italy, are what Mussolini finds supporting his act on Sept. 20 in Verona (town of Romeo and Juliet). Notice the half-observed Fascist motto behind the infants. It means *Believe, Obey, Fight*. There has never been any question that Fascism is popular with the very young.



This is Marshal Vasily Blücher, commander of the Soviets' Far Eastern Army, shown with Amur River gunboat. One supposed reason why the U.S.S.R. has not fought Japan is that if Blücher won, he might march on Moscow and Stalin. He never will. Because now, according to Moscow rumor, he has been "purged."



Chamberlain's triumph, Sept. 30, was taken on the balcony of Buckingham Palace with his King and Queen and his wife. Rarely has British reserve so notably cracked as in the





monstration by a nearly manful crowd, made up mostly of women. In effect they were backing a leader who had made the choice, unusual among head men, of peace instead of war.

We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries, and we are determined to continue our efforts to remove possible sources of difference and thus to contribute to assure the peace of Europe.

N. Chamberlain

Neville Chamberlain

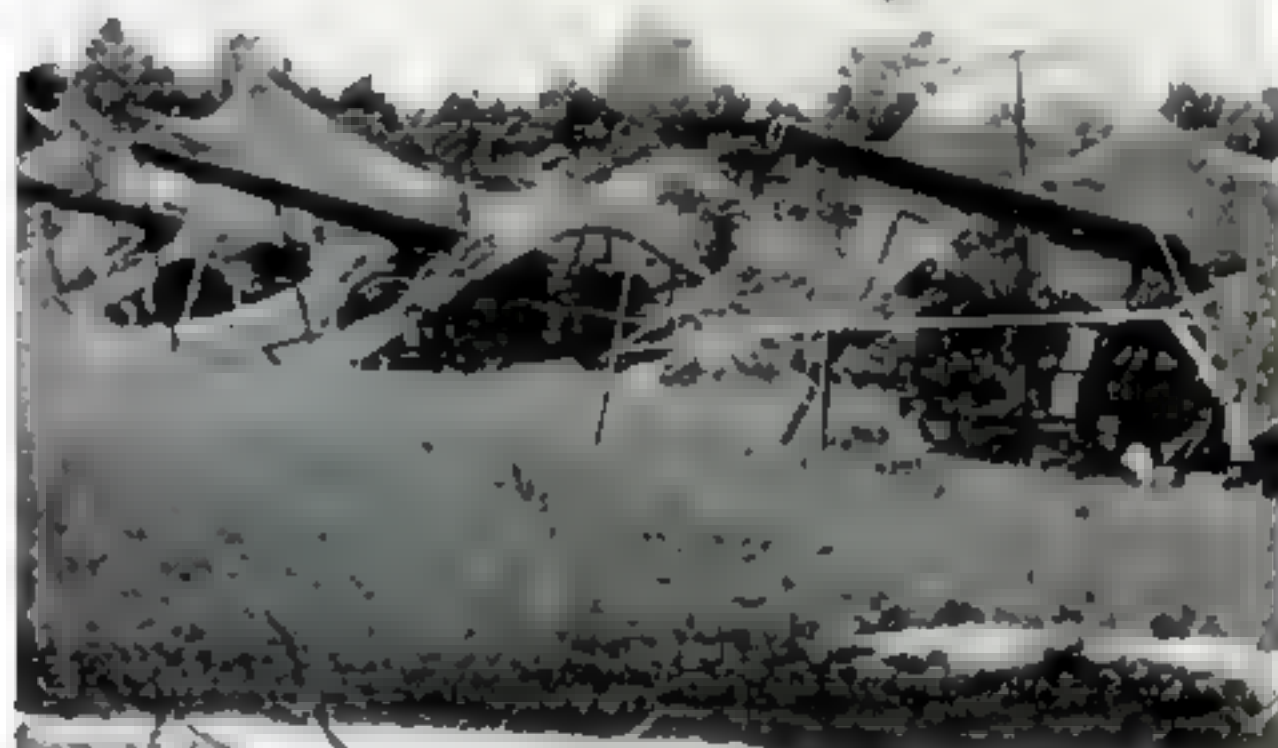
September 30, 1938.

At left is Britain's Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain at London's Heston Aerodrome, Sept. 30, waving the prize booty of his final meeting with Adolf Hitler, whose final paragraph and two potent signatures are shown above. Chamberlain is saying in the rain, "This morning I had another talk with German Chancellor Herr Hitler and here is the paper which bears his name as well as mine. Some of you, perhaps, already have heard what it contains, but I would just like to read it to you." He then read it. Later he said, "For the second time in our history, a British Prime Minister has returned from Germany bringing peace with honor." By this he meant that Hitler is an imitation Bismarck and he a second Disraeli after a second Congress of Berlin (1878).

FRANCE



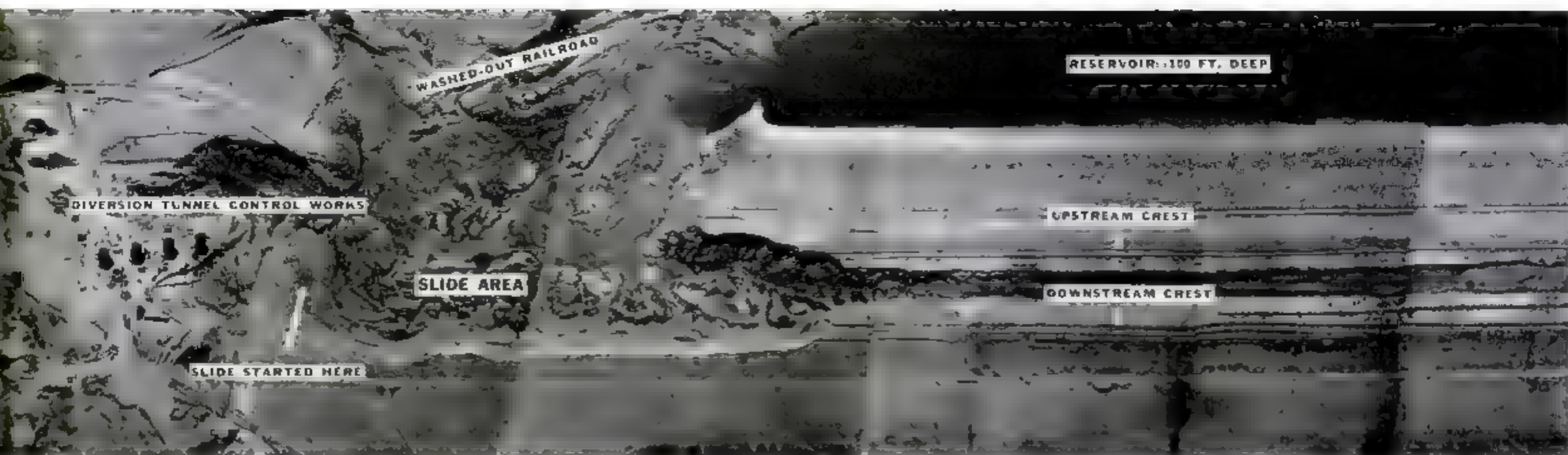
Maginot Line Guns, shown quiet in LIFE, Oct. 3, speak here with authority. The still above is from a March of Time movie called *Inside the Maginot Line*.



The strange netting camouflage of the field guns on the French side of the Rhine makes them look as though they were covered with dew-wet spider webs.



France's rehearsal mobilization showed French civilians with what great efficiency the French Army can not only defend, but also rule, France in wartime.



THE SLIDE OF FORT PECK DAM OCCURRED AT THE EAST END (ABOVE), STOPPING JUST SHORT OF THE IMPORTANT DIVERSION TUNNEL CONTROL WORKS

8,000,000-CUBIC-YD. LANDSLIDE SLOWS WORK ON WORLD'S BIGGEST DIRT DAM

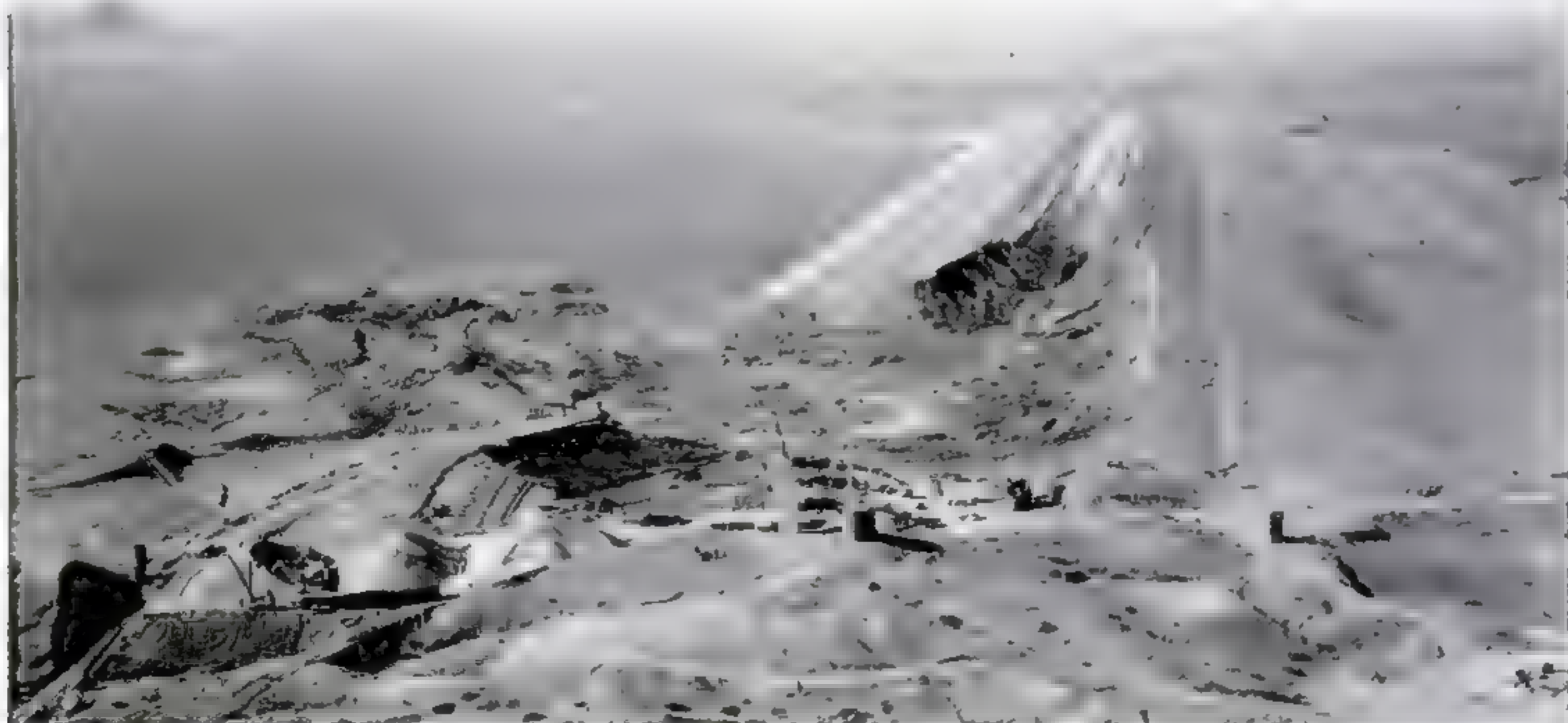
Quietly and without warning on Sept. 22 the packed bank of dirt and rock which made up the eastern end of Fort Peck Dam across the Missouri River at Fort Peck, Montana, began to slide. In about five minutes, 8,000,000 cubic yd. of earth had slipped off the upstream face of the biggest dirt dam in the world, out into the reservoir it had backed up. Then the slide came to rest. Buried in it were the corpses of eight workers, a pump barge, four tractor cranes, five tractors and two trucks. Some two dozen laborers and engineers working in the slide area came out alive.

To U. S. Army Engineers, rushing construction along in record time, the slide was a major tragedy.

Before them lay the disheartening task of clearing out sand and boulders from the area, bunking the section up again out of new materials. Whether faulty foundation or faulty embankment material caused the accident, they did not know. They did know, however, that they could not fill the core pool before the cold weather froze the water. But though the engineers cursed the slide, the merchants of such nearby boom towns as Wheeler (*see opposite page*) blessed it. When the dam is done, many of the workers who make the boom will move away. The slide has added months to the work, the boom and the merchants' business.

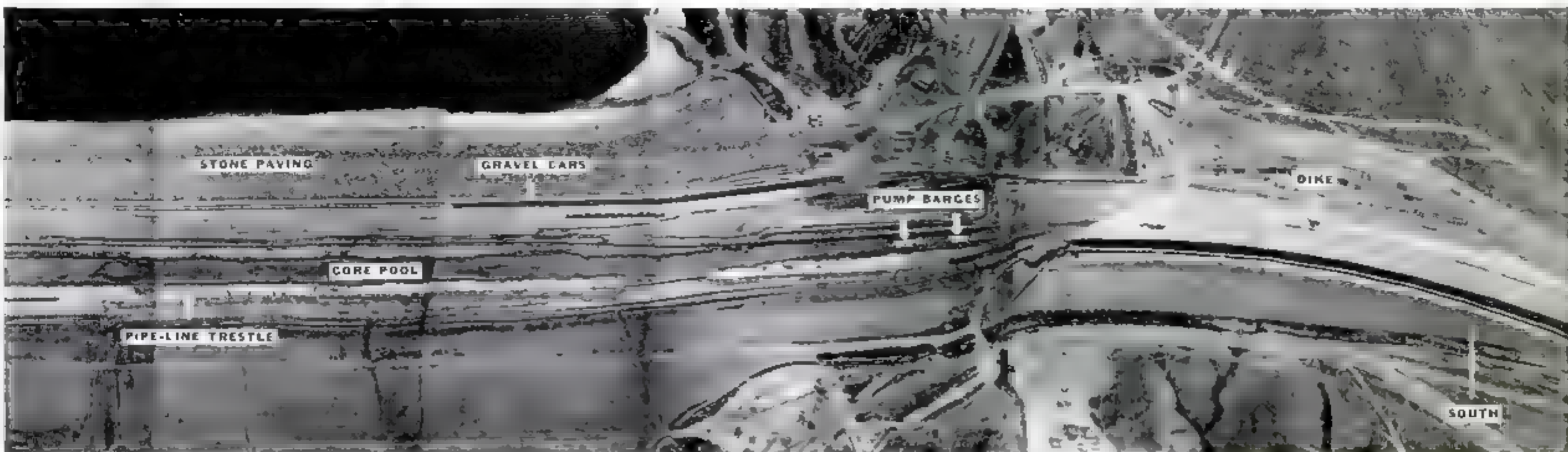
Fort Peck Dam will now probably be completed

in about a year. Begun in 1934, both as a relief project and as an aid to flood control and navigation, it will cost over the estimated \$110,000,000. When LIFE looked at Fort Peck in its first issue (LIFE, Nov. 23, 1936) the river still flowed through the middle of the dam. Today, it is all but finished. Remaining operation is filling the core pool—the long narrow mud pond stretching across the top between the two crests. Dirt from the river bed is pumped up the downstream slope into the pool. Rock and sand remain on the sides but fine dirt and silt settle on the bottom. There, when the water is pumped off, it packs itself into a hard, tight core, impervious to water, becomes the heart of the dam.



A side view of the slide shows the huge area which was gouged out and the mass of dirt and rock which was carried clear out into the reservoir. The four square posts in the

center foreground are gatehouses which stand above the diversion tunnels. In them are the gates for the diversion tunnels, which regulate the flow of water through the dam.



THIS BIGGEST DIRT DAM IN THE WORLD STRETCHES 3,000 FT. ACROSS THE SHALLOW MISSOURI RIVER, 2,000 MILES UPSTREAM FROM ST. LOUIS



A dam boom town is Wheeler, Mont., which sprang up largely to house Fort Peck workers. In 1936, when this photograph appeared in LIFE, there were 3,500 people living high, wide

and handsome in Wheeler. Now the population is 1,500 and life is much quieter. Some workers, moving away, have taken their homes with them, leaving gaps which do not appear here.

CHAMBERLAIN'S SISTER-IN-LAW HOBNOBS WITH FRANCO'S WIFE



British Leftists were enraged when the Prime Minister's half-sister-in-law, Lady Ivy Muriel Chamberlain, and her 21-year-old son Lawrence posed with wife and daughter of Spanish Rebel Generalissimo Franco (*above*), chatted with officers (*below*) in Burgos last month. Lady Chamberlain was there as chairman of General Relief Fund for Distressed Spanish Women and Children, but she notably did not visit Loyalist Spain. Her fund is distributed equally between both sides. Lady Chamberlain is credited with doing messenger work for her brother-in-law to her old friend, Italy's Mussolini. Her answer to such reports is: "Very kind, but not true."



SLOPPY, HAPPY GARBO SMILES ON A BABY LETT, ATLANTA SNESKOSLUIZAS



Greta Garbo, the customarily sad Swede, returned from Europe, sloppier but happier than ever before. Garbo Glamor consisted of a long, unstylish page-boy bob, no make-up except plenty of mascara; heavy ribbed hile stockings. Questioned on her long-rumored marriage to Leopold Stokowski, with whom she vacationed in Italy, she would only smile. Stokowski's agents were supposed to have handled the details of her arrival.

On the boat Garbo swam in the pool, during the women's hour, in topless trunks. The only passenger to win her interest was Atlanta Sneskosluzas (*below*), born at sea to a Latvian mother. Garbo visited the baby daily.





A President's "Dream House" begins to take shape on a 70-acre tract adjoining the Roosevelt estate along the Hud-

son River at Hyde Park, N. Y. Roofs of the two wings are seen poking up through the trees topping Dutchess Hill.



Artist's drawing for this house of old Hudson River Dutch design carries the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Architect.

PRESIDENT TURNS ARCHITECT

TO DESIGN SUMMER COTTAGE



To a list of offices filled by one of America's most versatile Presidents, *Who's Who* should consider adding a new title—that of architect, for this week the Press received plans for a Hudson River home bearing a legend—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Architect. Henry J. Toombs, Associate.

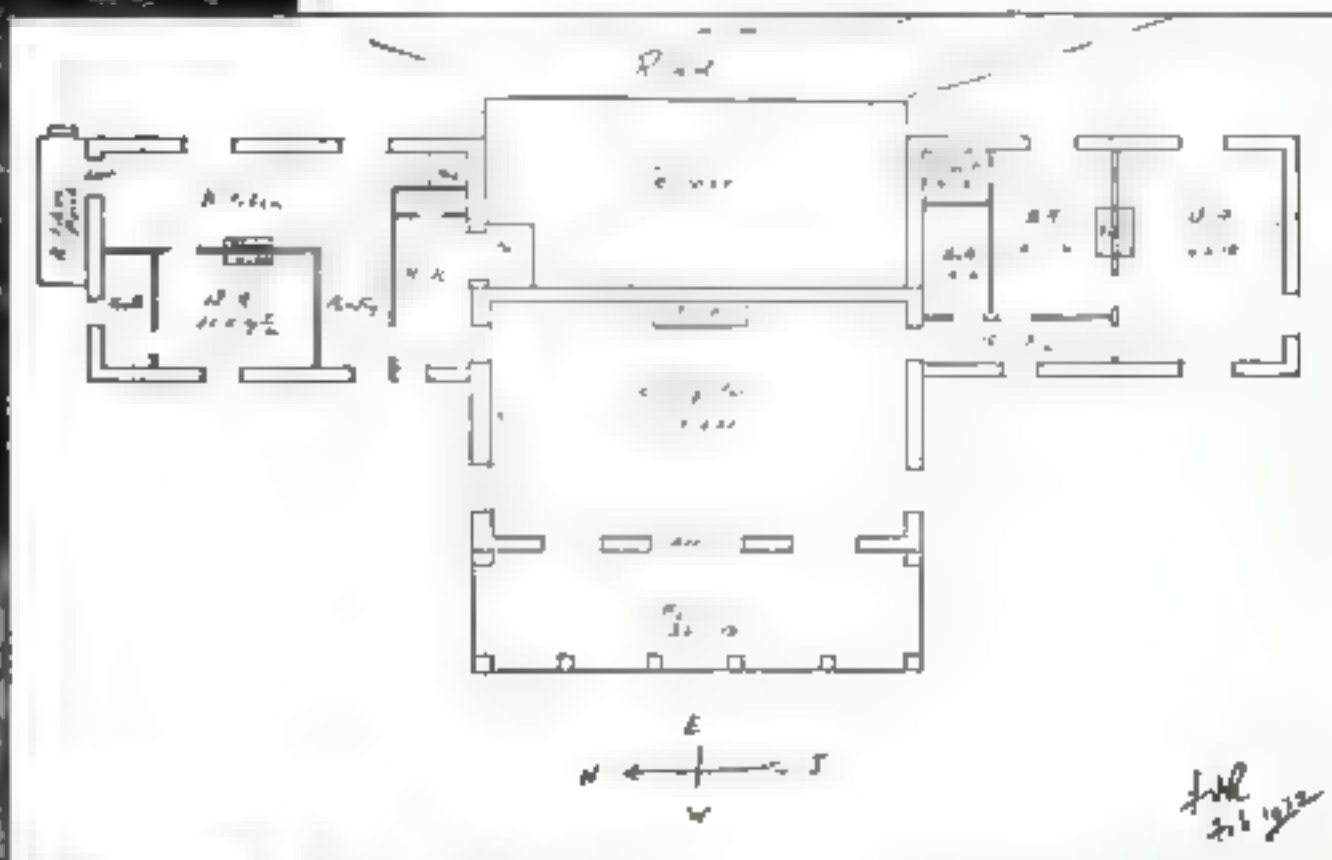
For 20 years the President has dreamed of a hideaway overlooking boyhood scenes. Last year he purchased 70 acres adjoining his Hyde Park estate, discovered on a high-topped hill just the view he wanted. Assisted by the Warm Springs, Ga., architect, Henry Toombs, he drafted plans, included Toombs's name on them when it was discovered that the President had no architect's license in New York State.

The Presidential retreat is a one-story, five-room cottage of field stone. A huge living room occupies the whole center of the house. There will be no guest room, no telephone, no radio and, Mr. Roosevelt insists, no guards save an electric eye for firing a gun at the approach of intruders. In the diagram below, LIFE-readers may look into the President's new home.



Spacious living room of the new home may be seen without a roof (above). Here the president may browse among

his favorite books on Hudson Valley history. Below is his Hyde Park mansion which can be seen from Dutchess Hill.



Architect's plans show five rooms, two baths, a terrace. An oil-burning system will supply heat. Total cost \$15,000.

BATTLE OF HANKOW



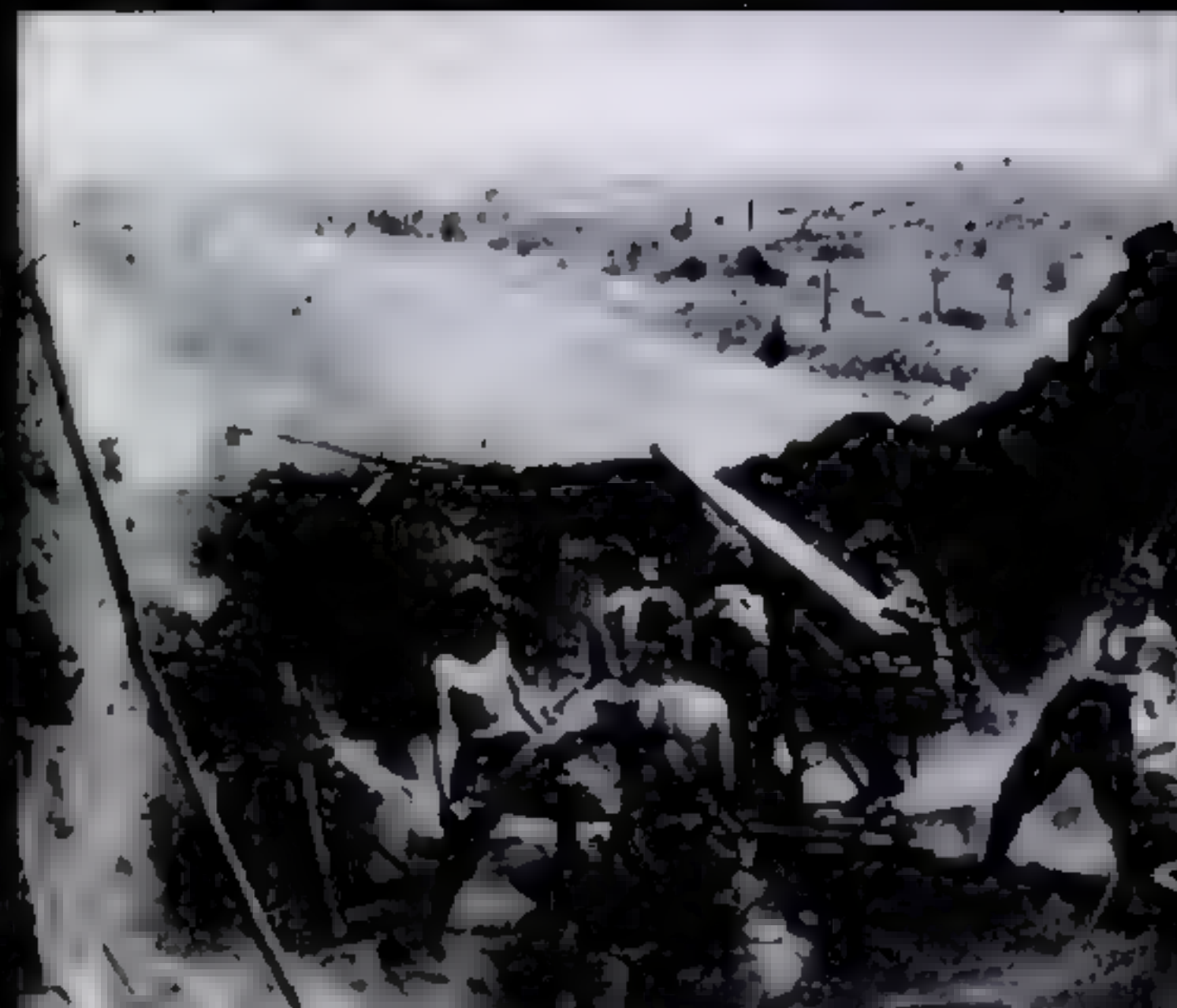
JAPANESE MOTORIZED TROOPS FOLLOW LIGHT TANKS INTO WALLED TOWN



CHINESE TRAIN, BOMBED BY JAPANESE PLANES, BURNS BRISKLY



CHINESE SHELL JUST MISSES SPRAWLED JAPANESE SOLDIERS AND CAMERAMAN



ALL AVAILABLE GUNS POUND CHINESE. NOTICE MORTAR AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT



THESE JAPANESE ARE FIGHTING OFF A SURPRISE ATTACK BY GUERRILLAS



JAPANESE MARINES LAND IN A YANGTZE RIVER MIST. REAR, A PONTON



OLD CHINA SITS IT OUT. LOOKING LIKE BRUCE BAINSFATHER'S WARTIME "OLD BILL," THIS CHINESE FARMER HAS SOLVED AIR RAIDS WITH A PRIVATE GARDEN PIT

WAR IN CHINA GAMBLES FOR ASIA'S FUTURE

Talk of a white man's war in Europe pushed from the world's front pages a yellow man's war actually raging in Asia. While Hitler was recklessly brandishing the threat of his crack army, huge masses of men along the Yangtze River hurled themselves at one another in full-dress battles. Day after day, the lists of dead went into the thousands and tens of thousands. And day by day the Japanese armies took position after position closing in on Hankow, "Chicago of China." Japan was winning the battles but, oddly, was in real danger of losing the war. Many experts predicted that the capture of Hankow was only a matter of days, not far behind Japan's deadline of October 1. But Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was defending Hankow with 1,000,000 soldiers against an attacking force of only 200,000 Japanese. There seemed an outside chance that the Japanese might over-extend themselves somewhere on the long lines, open themselves to a smashing Chinese flank attack.

Nobody, however, suggested that the Japanese cannot take Hankow sooner or later. The future of Asia hangs, rather, on whether Japan can stand the staggering strain of sitting on an embattled China.

Already the streets of Japan are filled with begging cripples, the war is flatly unpopular, the gold reserve is fading, the national debt has reached \$6,000,000,000 and exports are declining fast. In China, all that the Japanese Army holds are the garrison towns and railway lines. All the land between is dominated by Chinese guerrilla or "partisan" armies, in contact with Communists at Yen-an or the Nationalist Government at Hankow. These two now work together, until the war is over. Peasants have been given guns.

Pressing toward Hankow with frantic haste, the Japanese Army on Oct. 6 finally cut the railway north of Hankow. After Hankow's fall, Japan is going to try to ignore Chiang, to garrison all conquered China and to make peace with puppet regimes. Japan has had a bellyful of chasing Chiang.

The chase has been no picnic for the common Japanese soldier. Orders from Tokyo have pressed the men for all they could stand, in 110° heat and in bitter cold, over difficult terrain, against stubborn resistance from the Chinese. Both sides are near exhaustion. Contrary to good military practice, Japanese commanders have thrown all artillery, even anti-aircraft guns, into the front lines, as shown on the opposite page.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Potent war god (characterized by face on belly) glowers in Hankow after Japanese bombs have knocked his Taoist temple down around his ears. He is called the Heavenly Master.



Potent General Li Tsung-jen smilingly defends Hankow with his own southern troops. He won China's one victory at Taierchwang, has lately published *My Struggling Life History*.



The systematic bombing of Hankow by the Japanese left these weeping women among the ruins. The reverse swasti-

kas are worn by members of the Chinese Red Swastika Society, similar to the Red Cross. The spectacle of a bombed

city cannot be adequately reproduced without its colors. Bombed Hankow is shown in color on the following pages.



THE SLUMS OF HANKOW, CAPITAL OF CHINA'S RETREATING GOVERNMENT, ARE RED WITH FLAME AND BLACK WITH SMOKE AFTER A JAPANESE BOMBING



DAZED CITIZENS OF HANKOW CONSIDER WHAT A CITY LOOKS LIKE WHEN BOMBS AND FIRE ARE THROUGH WITH IT. HANKOW WAS BOMBED INTERMITTENTLY ALL SUMMER



A BLUE-SHIRTED COOLIE WOMAN SITS IN BLEAK WATCH OVER HER HOUSEHOLD GOODS AS HANKOW BURNS BRISKLY IN THE NOONDAY HEAT



A RED FIRE PUMP COMES TO THE RESCUE. IN BACKGROUND IS A HOUSEBOAT. JAPANESE PLANES, TRYING TO HIT HANKOW'S RIVER FRONT, HIT RIVER JUNKS

JAPAN'S WAR UP THE RIVER

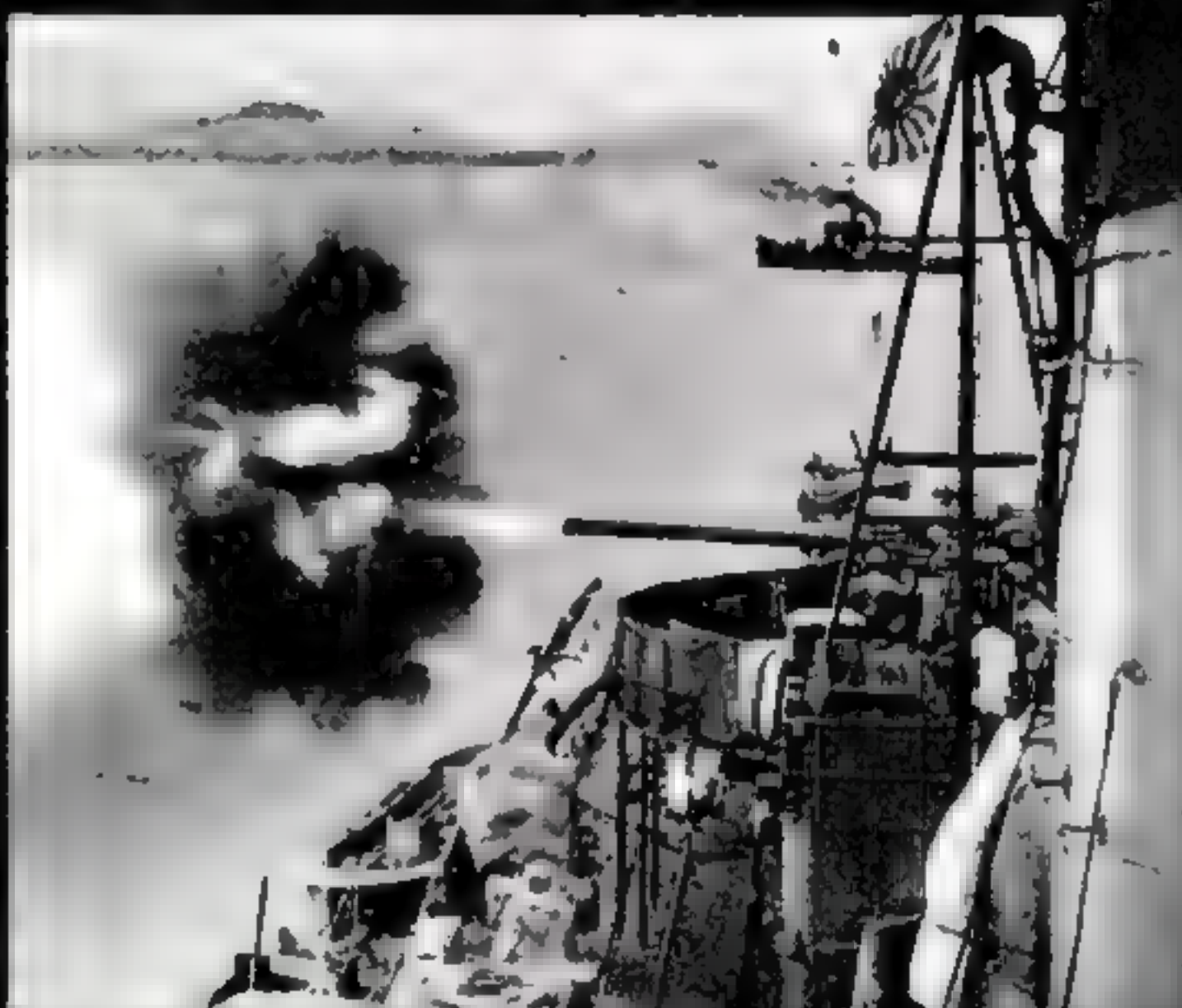
The Japanese Army and Navy's remorseless drive on Hankow is primarily a war up a great river, the Yangtze (see map, next page). Here the more pingoistic Japanese Navy, a prouder service than the Army, has had a chance to compete with the Japanese Army for glory. China's river defenses have consisted of river booms (below), mines and forts. Early booms at Matang and Kuikiang were poorly made, inadequately defended, easily taken. But Japan took the upriver booms at Wusteh and Matowchen with scarcely more difficulty. Final key forts on the river were at Tienchiachen, holding the last natural defense point on the Yangtze. The Japanese Army stormed them on Sept. 20. The Chinese, however, claimed they had 1,000,000 men defending Hankow against only 200,000 Japanese, predicted a long drawn-out defense. If Hankow falls, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek will move upriver again to Chungking, whither the civilian government of China has already gone. His supplies must then take the long & difficult, overland routes from British Burma and French Indo-China.



UP THE RIVER YANGTZE, JAPANESE TROOPS FIGHT FORT AFTER FORT



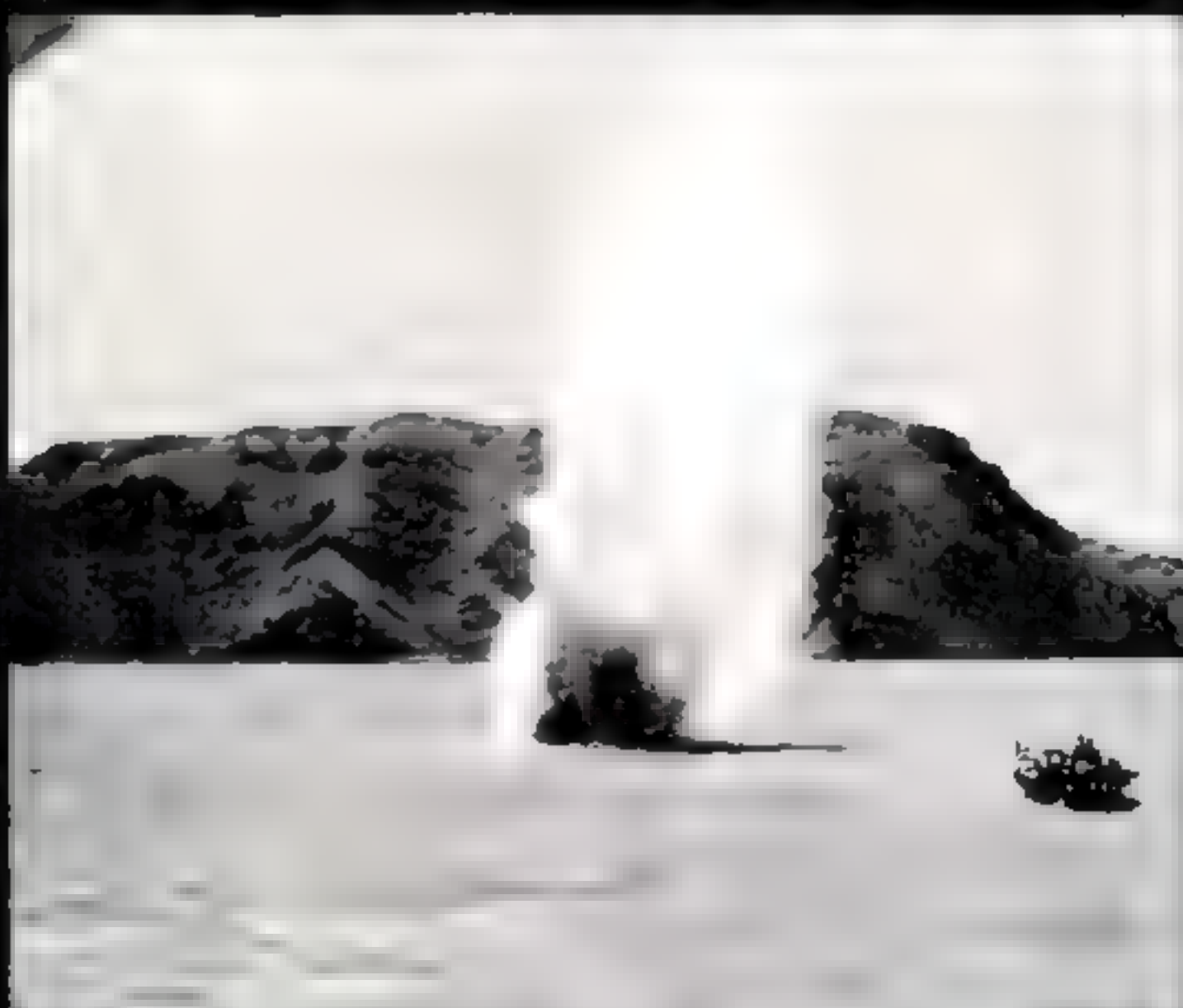
BOOM OF SUNKEN SHIPS AT KUIKIANG FAILED TO STOP JAPANESE



JAPANESE DESTROYER (NOTICE FLAG) BOMBARDS ANKING, SUNBOAT, BACKGROUND



SMALL STREAMS, LAKES, CANALS ARE CROSSED BY JAPANESE RUNNER BOATS

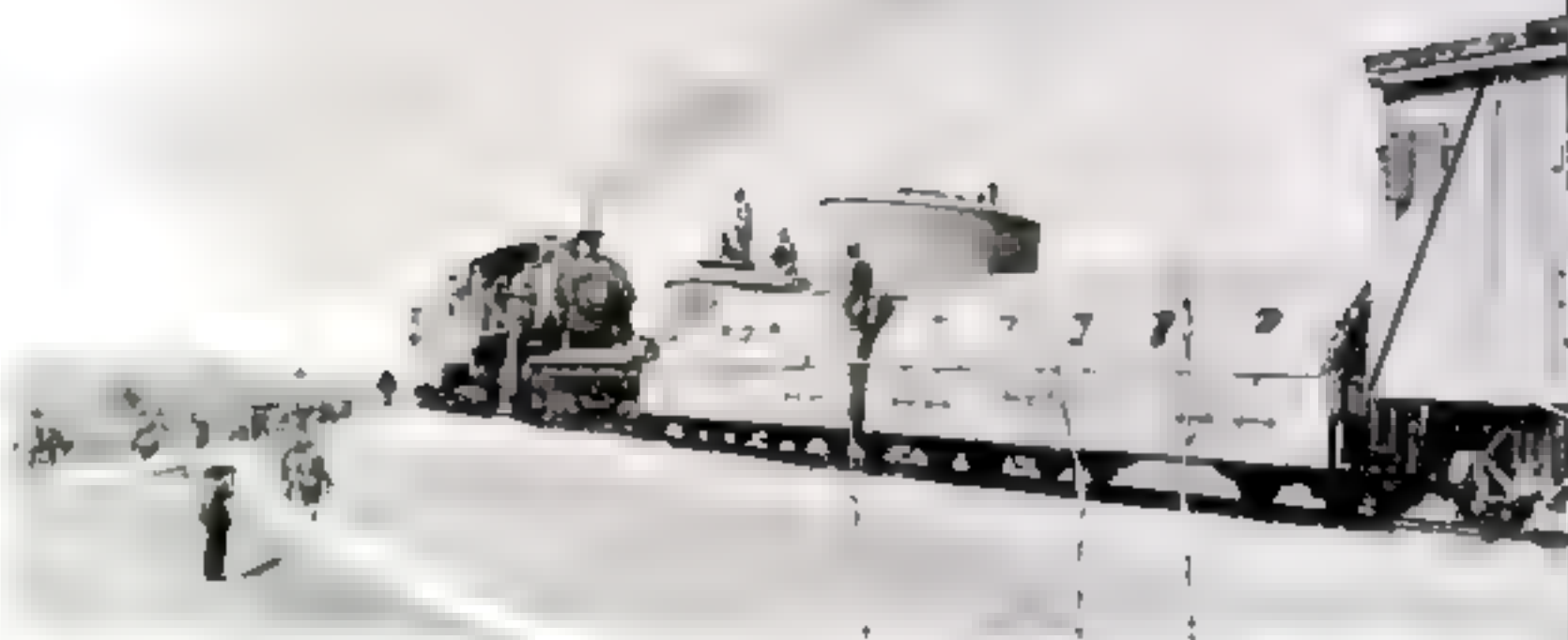


JAPANESE CAREFULLY DETONATE RIVER MINES LAID BY CHINESE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



DUMMY WOODEN LOCOMOTIVE DRAWS GONES AWAY FROM REAL ONES



CHINESE ARMORED TRAIN WITH U.S.-BUILT LOCOMOTIVE FIGHTS ON RAILROADS

BATTLE OF HANKOW (continued)

JAPAN'S STRATEGY IN CHINA

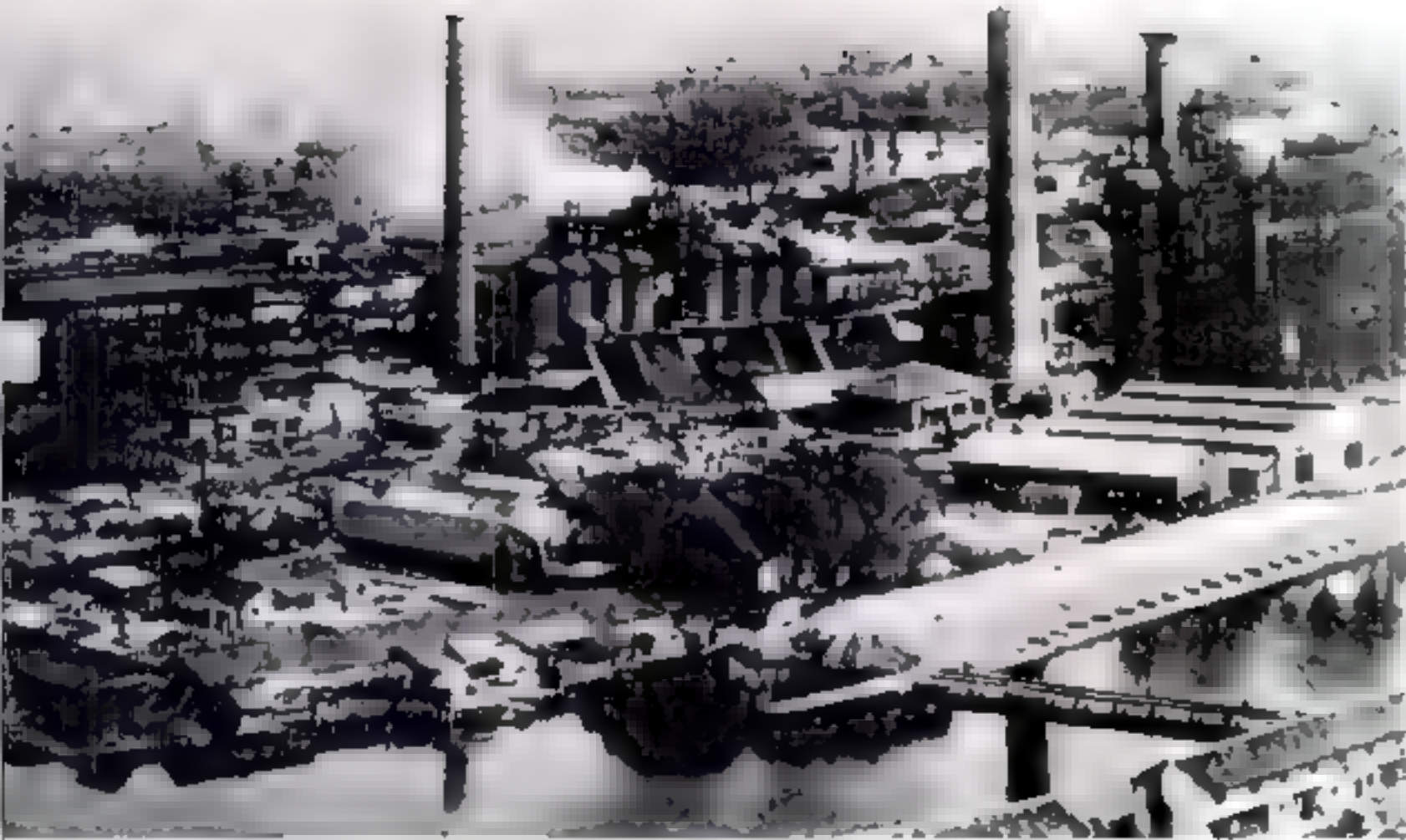
Ten months of frightfulness in China are diagrammed on map at right. The map makes obvious that Japan has won all (but one) of the battles. Objective of all the arrows for all those ten months has been Hankow, center of great China's internal trade. Since the beginning of time the Yangtze and the Han Rivers have brought the west and north countries' business to Hankow and the lake systems have brought the south country's. Hankow (actually an aggregate of three cities, Hankow, Hanyang and Wuchang, at the river junctions) is the story of Central China.

But that Japan felt obliged to take Hankow may ultimately be the story of China's victory. Japan wanted to stop with the capture of Nanking, expected Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Government to crumple then. Chiang conspicuously fought on. At mammoth expense in men and money, Japan set about the huge job of conquering all China. The simple, forthright arrows on this map are actually rivers of blood. Some 450,000 Japanese soldiers have fallen on these long trails. Some 1,400,000 Chinese altogether have now died in battle. Cities and villages by tens and thousands are now ruins. Starving plagues of humans sweep the back country, all young adults, the very old and young having long since died.

After the capture of Nanking last December, Japanese started for Hankow the roundabout way to the north (arrows 1, 2, 3). They were stopped at Taierchwang on April 7 when the Chinese won their one great victory (LIFE, May 23). But the Japanese overran the so-called "Hindenburg Line," smashed on through Suchow, Kaifeng, to outskirts of Chengchow—when the desperate Chinese broke the Yellow River dykes. Floods swamped the Japanese, prevented them from cutting railroad south to Hankow.

Second try was the hard way up the Yangtze River Valley from Nanking. Here are no railroads, no good roads. Slowly but steadily the Japanese Army and Navy battered up the Yangtze River Valley (arrows 4, 5, 6) while new columns in the north returned to the attack (arrow 7). This drive is now on the eve of victory. Japanese outposts are within striking distance of Sinyang, Hsüchow, Hwangchow and Sienning, closing a strangle hold on Hankow from north, east and south (see map). Sinyang and Hsüchow control the Peiping-Hankow R. R., the "Red Line" over which Soviet supplies for Hankow come. Sienning stops the approaches to Hankow on the Hankow-Canton R. R., the "Life Line." This 600-mile Japanese thrust into China is roughly equal to the distance between New York City and Chicago.





HANKOW'S GREAT LIUHOKOU IRONWORKS, ONE OF CHINA'S ONLY TWO NOW WORKING



SISTER CITY OF WUCHANG BOASTS UNIVERSITY (ABOVE), REPLICA OF DAGORA (RIGHT)



The first phase of the Japanese offensive against Hankow followed the course of two railroads. Marked in heavy ink on the map, they run: 1) south to north from Nanking to Suchow; 2) east to west from Suchow to Chengchow. Yellow River floods in June stopped this advance. Japanese then advanced by way of an alternate route along Yangtze River, which cuts across central China in a winding line running west to east.

China's civil government meets before moving upriver to Chungking. Head of table, Premier and Finance Min-

ister H. H. Kung. Others are China's Nationalist Executive Yuan, meeting in Hankow's Chinese National Bank





CHINESE PLAYERS REPRESENT A BRUTAL JAPANESE SOLDIER ATTACKING A CHINESE WOMAN WITH HER BABY. IN REALITY SUCH RESISTANCE OFTEN MEANT DEATH

CHINESE PLAYS INSPIRE HATRED OF JAPAN



"VICTIM" LETS OUT A HARROWING SCREAM

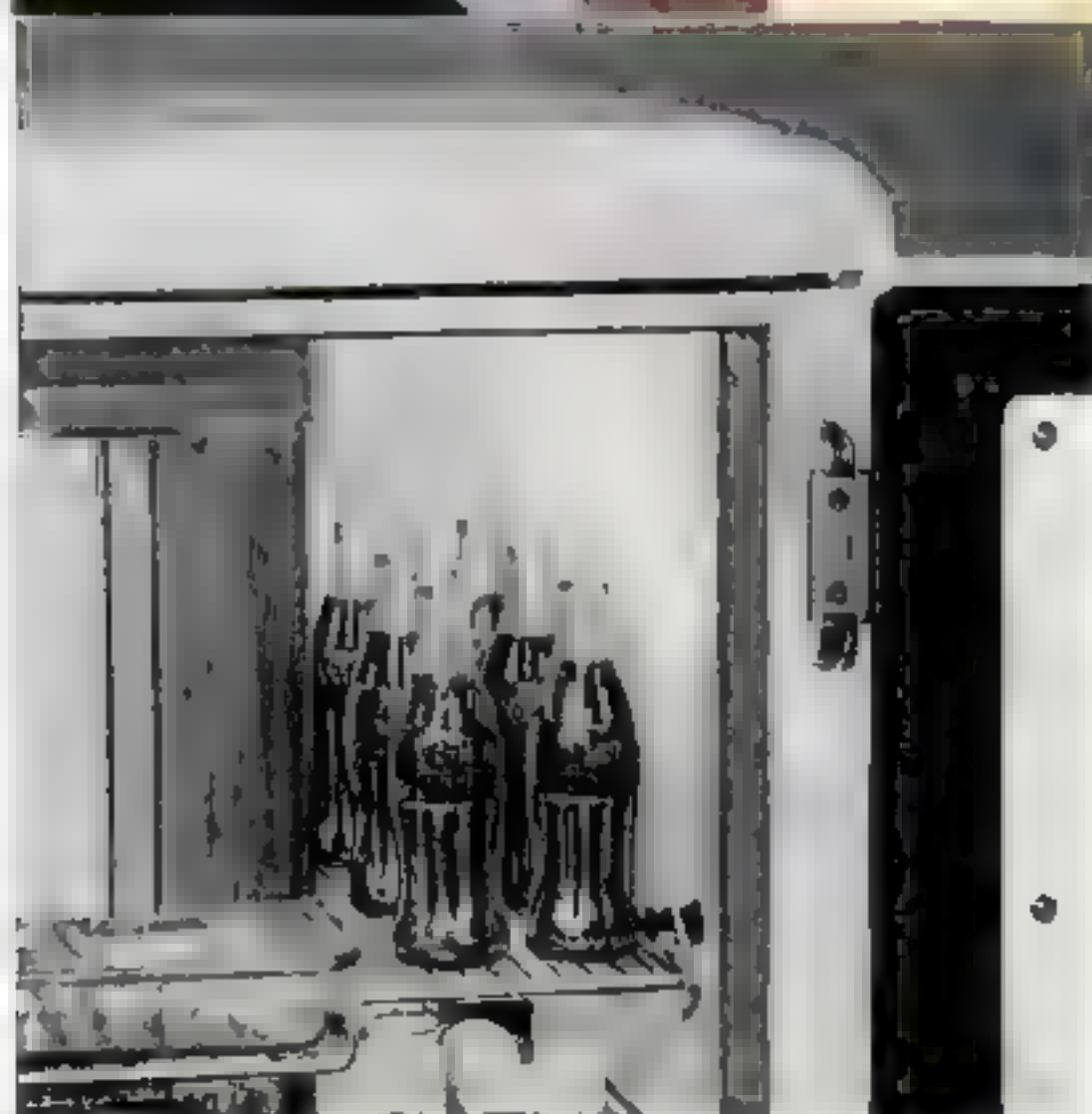
The wise, humane Chinese people, unmemorially slow to ideological passions, have at long last gotten mad about something. The something is Japan. That anger has put an end to the utterly democratic, almost anarchic disunion of great China. First to use anti-Japanese propaganda to effect were the Communist armies of China (LIFE, Jan. 25, 1937). Today even the Nationalist Government at Hankow has taken over the Communist devices of plays, tableaux and posters. On this page two Chinese at Bankow act out a simple scene of a Japanese soldier attacking a Chinese mother and getting hatcheted by the woman.

The women in the audience may well find themselves in precisely this situation. Japanese atrocities in China have been slurred over rather than exaggerated in press reports. In the Orient, in fact, what the West calls atrocities are a traditional part of warfare. Such plays as these tell poor Chinese women who cannot flee that they must resist and revenge rape rather than make their personal peace with the invader. Notice that the "Japanese soldier" on this page is a Chinese in a Japanese uniform to which has been added for good measure an armband of the Japanese rising sun. Such mummeries as this are trivial beside the harrowing stories of the millions of refugees that now fill the Chinese hinterland. The effect of their firsthand experiences with the Japanese invader is incalculable in uniting the people of China.



WITH LUNATIC GLEE, WOMAN HATCHETS HER RAPIST AND SMILES

In leading hospitals...
pure refreshment

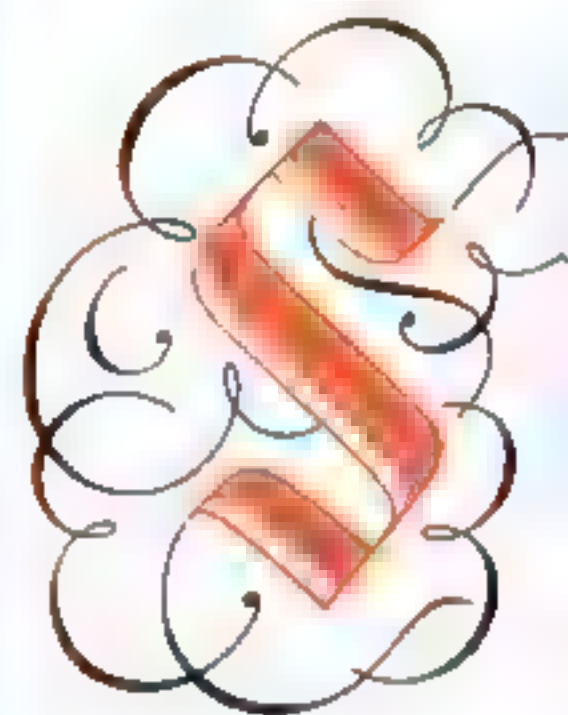


ICE-COLD COCA-COLA IS EVERY PLACE ELSE;
IT BELONGS IN YOUR ICEBOX AT HOME.

A pure drink of natural flavors...with life,
sparkle and taste that everybody likes. That's
ice-cold Coca-Cola. It's one of the pleasant things
of life, adding to relaxation what relaxation
always needs...pure, wholesome refreshment.

Canada's

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
IN OTTAWA, seat of the Canadian Government, form one of the most beautiful groups of legislative buildings in the world. On this site, in 1867, ten years after the House of Seagum was founded, the dream of the "Fathers of Confederation" was realized and the young colony became the Dominion of Canada.



Finest...

Seagram's Greatest Canadian Whisky

CLEAN-TASTING... You will find that you do not have to cultivate a taste for Seagram's "V.O." This distinctive Canadian whisky is so clean-tasting, so deliciously delicate you can enjoy it from your very first sip.

ALWAYS UNIFORM... From Seagram's treasure of rare Canadian whiskies master blenders select finest stocks, none less than 6 years old, and skillfully blend them to produce the distinctive "V.O." taste—a taste that never varies, never changes.

FAMOUS IN CANADA... For years Seagram's "V.O." has been a leading favorite throughout Canada. Canadians appreciate the finer taste and character of a true Canadian whisky.

HIGHEST QUALITY... In distinguished American homes where living is a gracious art, and in the most exclusive bars—"V.O." is recognized and respected as Canada's Finest Canadian Whisky.

DELICIOUSLY DELICATE... The light

Canadian character of Seagram's "V.O."—its 86.8 Proof—is in keeping with the trend all over the world today for lighter, less-heavy whiskies.

TRY SEAGRAM'S "V.O."... When you serve your guests an imported whisky—or when your mood calls for a particularly fine highball—why be satisfied with anything less than "Canada's Finest"... Seagram's "V.O." Canadian.

Copyright © 1957, Seagram-Discher Corp., Inc., New York

Seagram's
FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

*Deliciously Delicate —
Yet Deeply Satisfying*

V.O.
CANADIAN

6 YEARS OLD — 86.8 PROOF

A MASTERPIECE OF
THE BLENDERS' ART



When Christmas and a Wedding come together



"Have an all-white wedding," advises Leonora Ormsby of Saks-Fifth Avenue. The bride in ivory velvet, with a pearl train, and an Irene Hayes bouquet of calla lilies. Her bridesmaids also in ivory velvet, and carrying calla lilies dusted crimson. Against Christmas decorations—striking!

But then, every detail of your wedding can be smart.

We suggest you ask your 1847 Rogers Bros. dealer about the exciting new trends in wedding invitations and announcements. About the newest ideas as to the bride's gifts to her bridesmaids. And be sure to tell him your choice of the lovely 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns, so he can pass the hint—well in time—to your friends. Better see him at once.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"AMERICA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE"

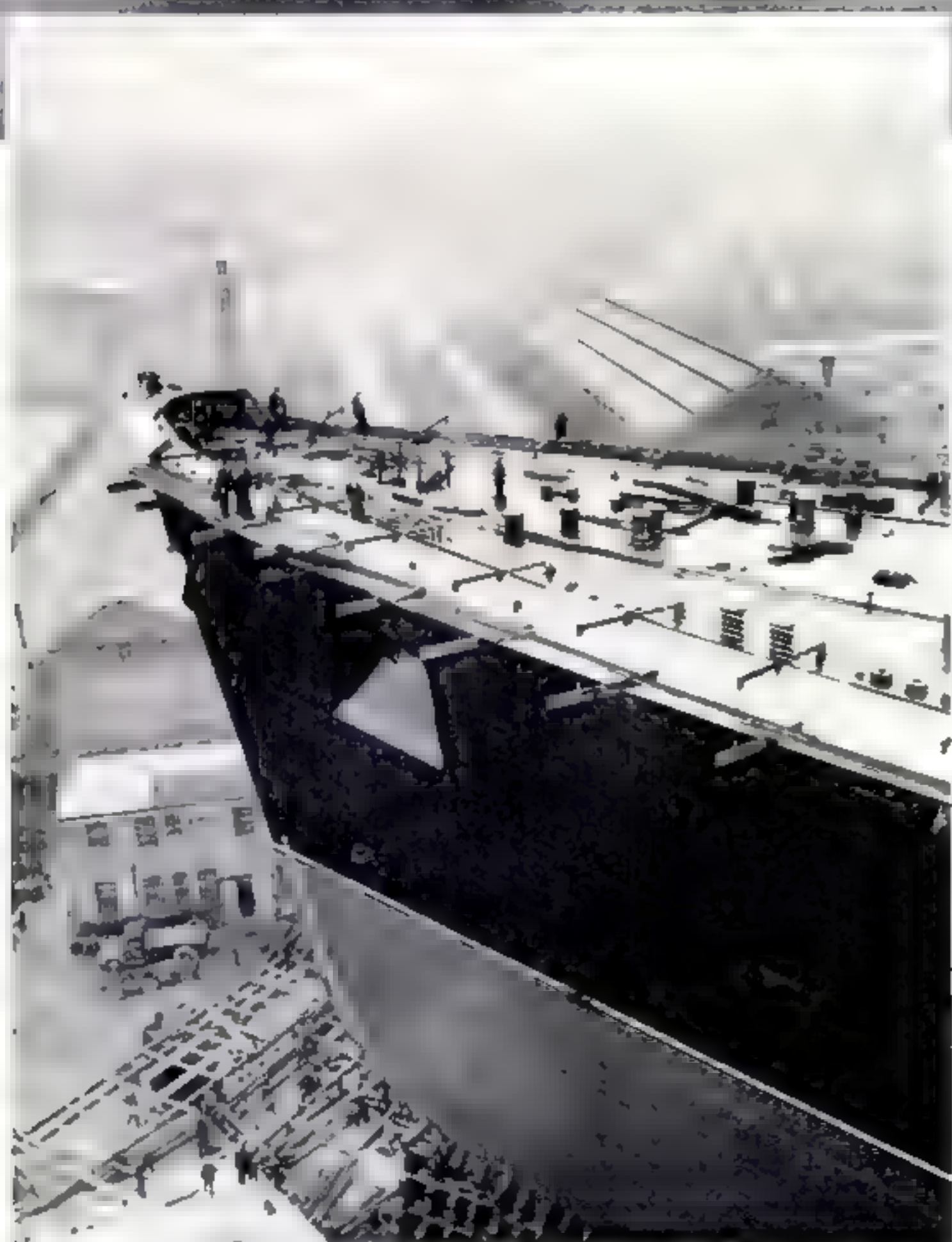


"Have the decorations gay," counsels Irene Hayes, New York's famous florist. Around the Louis Sherry cake, she uses juniper, spiced with crimson carnations and calla lilies dusted crimson, to repeat her house decorations. The plates are Spode, the stemware of Belgian crystal from Plummer. And the silver—a rich 1847 Rogers Bros. design that the bride's mother chose a quarter of a century ago and has loved deeply ever since. "Naturally," comments Irene Hayes, "today's bride will follow the proud tradition of owning 1847 Rogers Bros."



"Have the best for your silver," friends urge the bride "1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate, with the year-mark 1847 on every piece." She finds it hard to choose her pattern. Shall it be "Sylvia," of classic simplicity, "First Love," the new beauty whose high-raised motif gives it a solid-silver look, or "Ambassador," a smart, different pattern of excellent monogram possibilities? In any of the eight beautiful 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns, a service for six costs but \$32.50. Easy terms of payment make it possible to have all the pieces one needs for gracious entertaining.

★ Hear the great stars of stage and screen every Sunday afternoon in "The Silver Theater," 6 E. S. T.; 5 C. S. T.; 4 M. S. T.; 3 P. S. T. Columbia Network.



High over smoky Clydebank looms the sharp prow of "No. 552," as she was called before the christening. High as *Queen Mary*, *Queen Elizabeth* has 14 decks, two more than her companion.

QUEEN ELIZABETH NAMES WORLD'S BIGGEST LINER "QUEEN ELIZABETH"

At Clydebank, Scotland, on Sept. 27, half a million people gathered and stared at the big black hull of a ship, a fifth of a mile long, resting high on the ways in John Brown's Shipyard. In a covered stand at the prow of the boat (above, left), Britain's Queen Elizabeth listened to Lord Aberconway, chairman of John Brown Ltd. He was explaining that to launch the boat, Her Majesty should press a button. To make it perfectly clear, Lord Aberconway himself pressed the button. There came a sound of cracking timbers and the creaking of a moving hull. Barely in time, the quick Queen cut a ribbon, sent a bottle of Empire wine crashing on the boat's bow and, through a cloud of red dust that rose from the drag chain's shouted, "I name thee *Queen Elizabeth*." Thus Queen Elizabeth christened the biggest boat in the world.

Sixty seconds later, the biggest boat in the world came to rest in the narrow river. Second big British liner to be named for a reigning Queen, the *Queen Elizabeth* was first planned as a sister ship to the *Queen Mary*. But she turned out to be so much trimmer, more streamlined and rakish that Cunard officials now refer to her as "companion ship." She is 1,030 ft. long, 12 ft. more than the *Queen Mary*, and will probably go faster than the *Queen Mary*, whose transatlantic average of 31 knots is the world's fastest. All fitted, the *Queen Elizabeth* will gross 85,000 tons, 1,500 more than France's *Normandie*. She will have two funnels. By the time she is in service in the spring of 1940, she will probably be competing against big airplanes which will cross the ocean in 24 hours.

What does a girl have to get in LIFE?

WHEN YOU have the answer to this question, you have the editorial secret that has made LIFE the most dramatic success in all magazine history.

And the answer is simple—to get in LIFE a girl has to have some legitimate reason. She must be *news*. She must be a player, even if only in a bit part, in the exciting drama that is the life of the world today.

For LIFE created a new kind of pictorial journalism—a new journalism in which pictures and words are wedded to tell a story, describe an event, or develop an essay—a new journalism in which pictures form the text, and words illustrate the pictures!

To make that clearer, let us show you and tell you about some of the girls who have gotten into LIFE.



FROM LIFE'S STORY OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Take this old sausage girl! Her picture is an interesting character study in its own right. But she got into LIFE because she's an integral part of the most stirring drama in the world today! She's part of the story of Czechoslovakia. Last

spring LIFE sent two of the world's leading photographers (staff members) into Czechoslovakia—got exclusive pictures—and gave Americans the first accurate picture-word essay on this country which ever since has been making world history.



FROM LIFE'S REPORT ON WALKATHONS

Now take this limp beauty: She is a part of LIFE's essay on that American phenomenon, the Walkathon. This, in itself, is not world-rocking in importance, but it is an established part of the American scene. And LIFE, as a realistic recorder of the American scene, is obliged to show the ridiculous as well as the sublime.



FROM LIFE'S HOLLYWOOD NEWS

Here's another girl who made LIFE: Not just because her figure has a soothing effect on the eye, but because she is Danielle Darrieux, probably the Hollywood find of the year. (Her figure



is news in itself because Hollywood had seen her only in long, costume dresses when it signed her.)

A Parisian lady comes to LIFE—a Parisian lady of many years ago. Why? Because a clever young American named Elizabeth Hawes wrote a penetrating book called "Fashion is Spinach." Made-



FROM LIFE'S REVIEW OF A NEWS-WORTHY BOOK

moiselle Françoise served to illustrate a point Miss Hawes made in her book. And a book that treats the absorbing subject of fashion in a com-

to do



pletely intelligent way is definitely LIFE-worthy.

Pert little Miss Taffy-hair has made the grade, too. She was part of LIFE's scoop on the now-

Avenue in New York to Bullock's-Wilshire in Los Angeles.

LIFE met this wide-eyed young lady at a party



FROM LIFE GOES TO A PARTY

—a party given by New York's Knickerbocker Greys. LIFE goes to a party or similar event each week—frequently one to which few are invited and to which the all-seeing eyes of LIFE cameras are permitted only because of LIFE's recognized standing as probably the most important recorder of the American scene.

This clever and attractive young lady served as



FROM LIFE'S LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

heroine in a LIFE essay on a feat that has helped America stay America—the ability of an intelligent young American couple (she's the wife) to live and be happy on \$22.50 a week.

The way these girls have qualified for LIFE is indicative of the way any person, object, animal, event, and scene get in LIFE. They must make sense, must make *news*, must inform. When they do, LIFE presents them in an entertaining, and absorbing way—which, in a nutshell, is why LIFE has established itself as not only the *newest*, but the *most potent* editorial force in America.



FROM LIFE'S SCOOP ON THE CHRISTY WAVE

famous Christy Hair Wave. LIFE discovered Barber Christy in Parker's Landing, Pennsylvania . . . recorded his story . . . and started a craze that swept the country from Saks Fifth



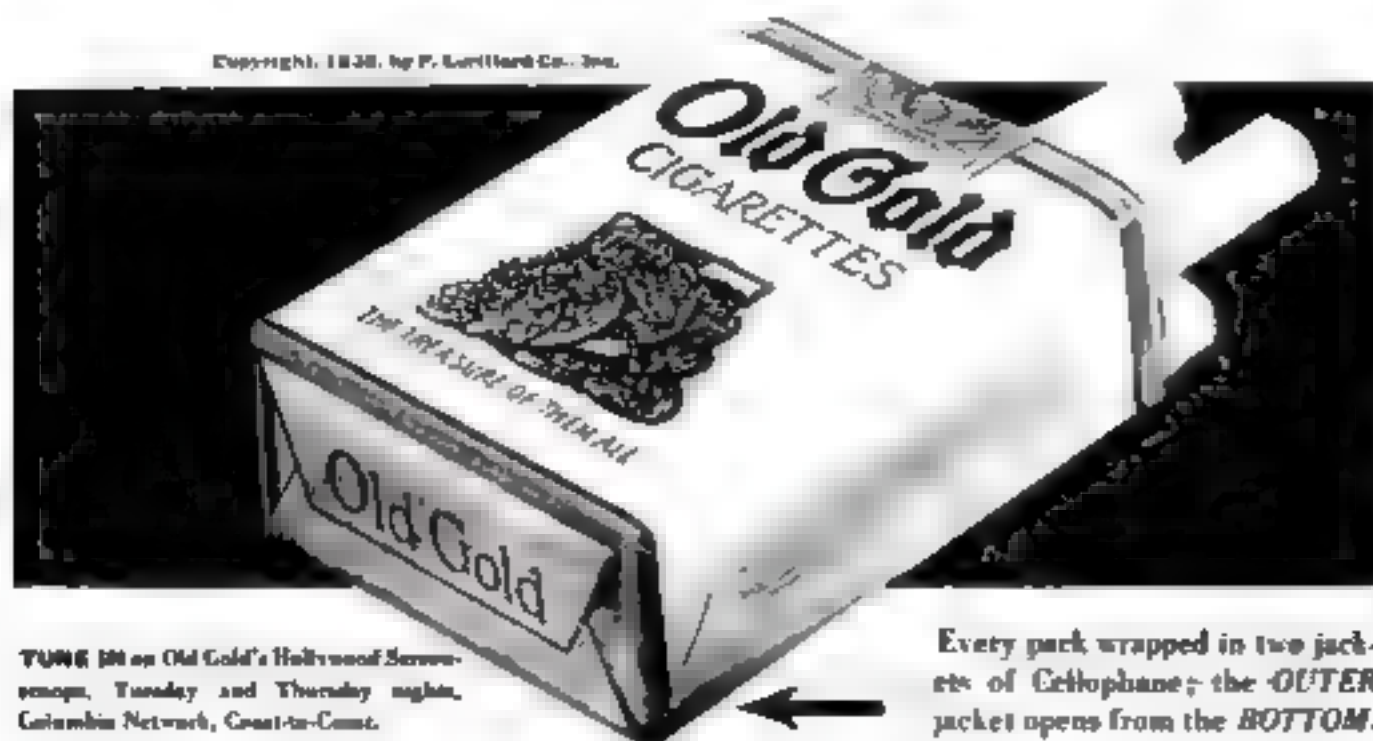


CAN'T HELP LOVIN' these smokes o' mine!

In falling for a gal, or a cigarette, I guess science and logic don't figure in much. It's just a case of meeting up with the one number that suits your taste. And the "also-rans" can go sing up a tree.

It's that way with me and Old Golds. It's the old story of love at first light and living happily ever after. They tell me Old Golds are made of prize crop tobaccos, and I'll tell anybody they do have a mellow deep-down flavor that makes other brands seem like a waste of time to me.

And Old Gold's double Cellophane package is something, too! Why that extra jacket of Cellophane delivers every single Old Gold to me as dewy fresh and flower fragrant as my girl's lips. And that's tops...or you can fight me!



TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen-
sopranos, Tuesday and Thursday nights,
Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Every pack wrapped in two jack-
ets of Cellophane; the **OUTER**
jacket opens from the **BOTTOM**.

The "Queen Elizabeth" (continued)



The "Queen Elizabeth's" bow moved slowly down the Clyde under tug convoy toward her fitting basin. To dredge a channel and basin for the ship cost \$850,000.



The "Queen's" stern was already fitted with four 32-ton solid bronze propellers whose polished blades were protected against nicking by a scallop of rubber tires.



WHY THIS IS THE BEST WEEK TO PICK YOUR ARROW SHIRTS

THIS is the week for you to survey your shirt wardrobe, retire all those shirts that aren't doing you justice, and fill in with shirts that will.

For this is *National Arrow Week*, the week when you're treated to a big style show at every Arrow dealer's—a show that gives you the kick of having first crack at the shirts America's best-dressed men will wear this fall and winter.

Along with the shirts, treat yourself to the latest Arrow ties, handkerchiefs, and underwear. Shirts are \$2 to \$5; ties, \$1 and \$1.50; handkerchiefs, 25¢ to \$1.50; shorts, 65¢ to \$1.50; undershirts, 50¢ to \$1—*fine values, all!* Visit your Arrow store, today, and get some of these handsome new styles.



**NATIONAL ARROW WEEK
OCTOBER 17 TO OCTOBER 22**

Detroit said,
*"They'll be
 Hot!"*



SO TEXACO ENGINEERS **INSULATED** THESE TWO GREAT OILS AGAINST ENGINE HEAT

Months ago the engineering staffs of the great motor car companies sounded this warning:

The engines of tomorrow will be quieter, more powerful, more economical of fuel and oil.

That means they will turn over faster, fit tighter and run much hotter than ever before.

We knew that called for a new, more heat-resistant type of oil.

When the word came our Research Engineers were ready. For years they had been working on this problem. They evolved a revolutionary new process for insulating oil against the effect of the intense heat of the higher-speed, hotter-running engines of tomorrow. At the same time they made a better oil for the conventional engines of today.

This new INSULATION process

has now been applied to two great oils—Havoline and Texaco Motor Oil. Henceforth both are protected from the adverse effects of higher heats.

We have demonstrated they will stand up under greater heat than will ever be generated in even the hottest of the new engines.

We have proved they will flow and lubricate perfectly in zero weather.

These oils now ignore both heat and cold.

Next time you need oil, tell the Texaco Dealer to put in the *Insulated* Havoline, if you use a premium grade—or *Insulated* Texaco Motor Oil, if you use the 25¢ grade.

Both will give you the peace-of-mind that comes with the knowledge of full protection—against heat and cold. Copyright 1938, The Texas Company.



Stop where you see this Texaco sign, for one of these two great insulated oils, for Five Chief Gasoline, for Marfak Lubricating Service—or just to freshen up at one of the Registered Rest Rooms



TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE: A full hour of all-star entertainment every Wed. night, Columbia Network. 9:30 E.S.T. 8:30 C.S.T. 7:30 M.S.T. 6:30 P.S.T.



Sex hormones are extracted from human urine in these stills devised by Professor Koch. Millions of bubbles of benzene floating up through glass cylinders of urine

remove the hormones, carry them over to a flask where the benzene is boiled off, used again. In several days almost all the sex hormones are removed.



Sex glands removed, the capon (left) has stubby comb and short wattles, as contrasted with large jagged crest of unoperated rooster.

DR. KOCH USES A STILL TO GET SEX HORMONES

One of the youngest and most promising fields of medicine has been unfolded during the past ten years by the discovery of sex hormones. First successful method of extracting these substances, which control most sexual development in man and animals, was developed by the University of Chicago's famed biochemists, Professor Fred Koch (left) and Dr. L. E. McGee. Using a complicated glass tubular apparatus resembling liquor stills, they process immense quantities of human urine in which hormones are found.

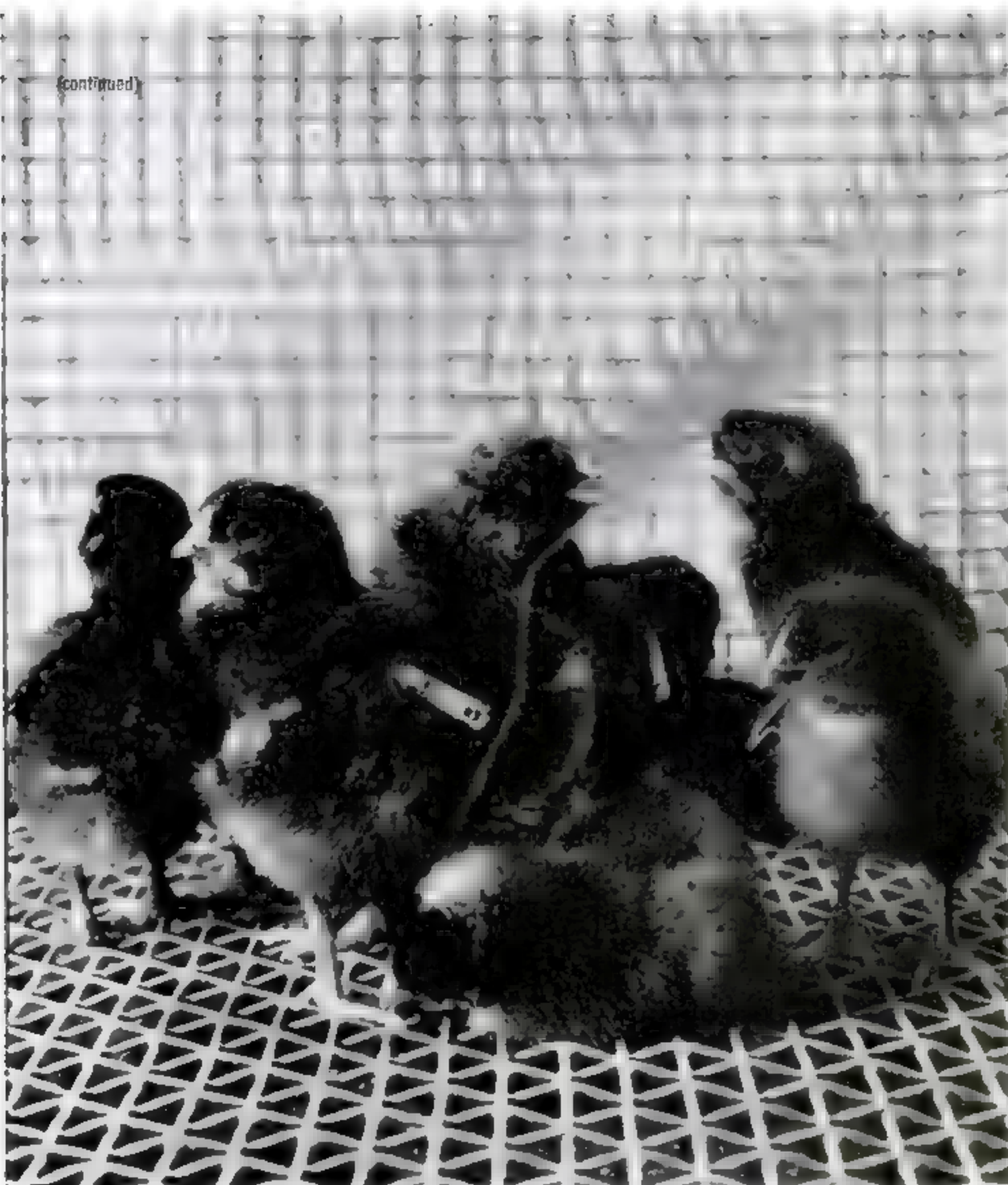
As a result of Professor Koch's pioneering, a German scientist laboriously isolated the first pure crystalline sex hormone—less than a fraction of an ounce from over 5,000 gallons of urine. Chemists then analyzed the product, were able to produce it synthetically for laboratory use. Though still in an experimental stage, the product will someday be generally used to treat men and women who are deficient in sex hormones.

When hormone extract is administered to a man, it usually makes him more virile and hairy, lowers the tone of his voice. Injected into dsexed roosters (capon), it makes their stubby, pallid combs grow into the big rosy crests of normal roosters. Some injected capons grow combs so heavy that their heads are tipped to one side. For the effect of hormone injections on baby chicks, turn the page.



Walter Hoskins is a brilliant graduate student assisting Professor Koch in his studies of sex hormones. A prospective father, he hopes to get a Ph.D. and support family by doing biochemical research.

(continued)



Five-day-old chick at center is attempting to crow like a cock after receiving sex-hormone injections. It stretches

itself, flaps its wings and crows in a canary-like, high-pitched trill. Normal roosters crow at age of three months.

HAMILTON OF YALE MAKES CHICKS CROW LIKE COCKS

When male sex hormones are injected into a man he naturally expects certain physical effects. Scientists have wondered whether this knowledge might not be partly or wholly responsible for the actual changes observed. To eliminate these mental and emotional factors, Dr. James Bruce Hamilton of the Yale University School of Medicine decided to carry on his experiments with baby chicks.

Dr. Hamilton began by separating the chicks into two groups, one to be used as experimental subjects, the other to be left normal for comparison. He then injected synthetic male sex hormones into the experimental chicks. After five days the chicks showed male characteristics, grew combs the size of those on a normal chick several weeks old.

At two weeks the chicks had high combs and heavy wattles and crowed (opposite page) in a high-pitched, reedy monotone. Each chick mimicked the posture of a crowing rooster, stretching its neck. Some of the chicks pecked viciously at anything within sight, struck out with their feet as if they had spurs. Even female chicks, given male sex hormones, developed male characteristics.

In size and weight the experimental chicks were apparently stunted by the male sex hormones, but caught up with the other uninjected chicks when the treatment ceased.

Dr. Hamilton concluded that the sex hormone was entirely responsible for creating precocious male development and behavior in the chicks. However, he was careful to add that research was still in an experimental stage and that injudicious use of sex-hormone substances in human beings was dangerous.



Only three hours old, these chicks are ready for the experiment. One will be injected with male sex hormones.



Dr. Hamilton places a small pellet of synthetic sex hormones under the experimental chick's skin. Effect of the pellet will last 70 days.



Fourteen days later the treated chick (right) has heavy comb and wattles while its twin shows normal growth.



A LOUD CHEER FOR THE SCREWBALL GIRL

by NOEL F. BUSCH

A nation's state of mind is reflected in its entertainments. According to the best available statistics, there are currently 500,000 patients in U. S. asylums of one sort or another and the number is growing by 3% a year. Movies have reflected the current trend toward national nuttiness by a wave of what Hollywood calls "screwball comedies." Screwball comedies last year made more money than any other single type of picture except possibly Westerns, which have always been somewhat screwy anyway.

Women are by and large crazier than men. Consequently, it is natural that the outstanding personage in screwball comedies should be a woman. The craze for screwball comedies was launched by Carole Lombard in 1934, with a picture called *Twentieth Century*. It gathered momentum when she appeared in *My Man Godfrey* two years later. Last winter, Carole Lombard was the star of both the season's top screwball comedies: *Nothing Sacred* and *True Confession*. In making lunacy popular, the movies have naturally made it attractive. As top specialist in Hollywood's top specialty, Carole Lombard's claim to the title of world's champion attractive screwball is not open to question. It is proved by the fact that she gets \$150,000 per picture, which is top pay for any kind of star; that her total income last year was roughly \$500,000; and that she now ranks in a class with Mary Pickford, Rudolph Valentino, Jean Harlow, Shirley Temple and Mickey Mouse.

Hollywood has always been overrun with actresses skilled at looking as though they were sad, happy, or wanted to go to bed. Lombard has perfected her own emotional gamut. It includes indecision, laziness, hypochondria, and delusions of guilt. She can run up and down it as smoothly as Grace Moore yodels scales. Garbo is the screen's foremost symbol of glamor, Mae West of rudimentary sex appeal and Myrna Loy of amiability. Lombard represents a quality which is currently more precious to the U. S. public than any of the three: utter undependability and registering undependability calls for fine shading and expert understanding of states of mind heretofore lacking in the world's drama. Sarah Bernhardt's forte was the obvious one of dying on the stage with fifteen minutes of groanings and moanings. Lombard's is the more subtle one of appearing in front of a camera as though she were going to die from nothing more serious than a hangover.

In addition to reflecting the tastes of their audiences, movies influence their behavior. The influence of Carole Lombard is, at best, debatable. When Clara Bow was in her hey-day, stenographers painted rings under their eyes and during the zenith of Mae West they were inclined to teeter in their walk. Until the rise of Lombard however the movies had never given them grounds for believing that the height of attractiveness lay in total irresponsibility. The Hays organization, which is supposed to censor the movies, is accustomed to restraining such open and above board moral lapses as murder, thievery and concupiscence. It is completely baffled by Miss Lombard who, in her pictures, not only fails to embody any of the cardinal virtues but gives the impression of not knowing what they are.

To act the part of a murderess or a seductress, an actress does not need to kill anyone or lead an immoral life. Similarly the world's No. 1 attractive neurotic might well in her private life be as placid as a Holstein cow at twilight. This point however cannot be proved by the character or career of Carole Lombard. Her personal behavior is certainly as kaleidoscopic as that of the characters she impersonates and her career would supply first-rate material for either case history or screen play.

Salient quality of Carole Lombard is superfluity of nervous energy. She gets up too early, plays tennis too hard, wastes time and feeling on trifles and drinks Coca-Colas the way Samuel Johnson used to drink tea. She is a scribbler on telephone pads, inhibited nail-nibbler, toe-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

The nice little girl who, in 1918, served chocolate at a Los Angeles benefit for French orphans, is now Hollywood's Duce of daffy comedy (opposite page).





CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



FOR SKEET SHOOTING AT A SANTA MONICA GUN CLUB, CAROLE WEARS SUN GLASSES



PLASTER CARICATURE OF CAROLE WAS MADE FOR TITLE SHOT OF "NOTHING SACRED"

THE SCREWBALL GIRL (continued)

scuffler, pillow-grabber, head-and-elbow scratcher and chain cigaret smoker. When Carole Lombard talks, her conversation, often brilliant, is punctuated by screeches, laughs, growls, gesticulations and the expletives of a sailor's parrot. Besides originating and being tops at Hollywood's current on-screen fashion, she originated and is tops at its current off-screen diversion of giving screwy presents.

The reason that there is no cause for alarm in the fact that U. S. women are neurotic is of course that most neuroses, far from being a liability, are worked off in productive channels and cause their possessors to be not only more amusing but more efficient. Carole Lombard betrays her efficiency outside her professional activities by being the best woman skeet shot in Hollywood, having a romance with its No. 1 celebrity, Clark Gable, and being spiritually as well as monetarily solvent—unlike most of her community's many other celebrities, who are neither.

Most people who become sensationally successful do so far from home. That this is particularly true of Hollywood is best evidenced by the case of Frances Farmer, who had to go from the West Coast to Paris before a producer would give her a contract. Likewise an exception to most rules, Carole Lombard, is an exception to the rule that no Hollywood girls become Hollywood stars. She was born in Fort Wayne, Ind., but coming to California when she was 7, was reared and schooled in Los Angeles.

Carole Lombard's real name is Jane Peters. Her parents were among Fort Wayne's most substantial citizens. The ostensible reason for Mrs. Bessie Peters' trip to California in 1916 was to see the San Francisco World's Fair. When she decided to stay, leaving Mr. Peters in Fort Wayne, Mrs. Peters, Jane and the two Peters boys, Frederick, 14, and Stuart, 9, moved next



Carole Lombard likes gags. Typical gag: taking over press-agent job for a day, calling up Bernard Shaw and Hitler.

door to a family named Kaufman. Mr. Kaufman had relatives in the movie business and among his friends were Benny Leonard, lightweight champion, and Allan Dwan, a famous director. Benny Leonard gave the two Peters boys boxing lessons which they passed on to their little sister. Visiting the Kaufmans one day, Allan Dwan saw Jane Peters sparring with her brothers in the front yard. Impressed, he asked her mother if she could act in a picture. Mrs. Peters gave her permission and Jane made her movie debut in *The Perfect Crime*.

Her first experience of the attention received by actresses gave Jane, then 11, an imperus she needed. By the time she was 15, she was through school and ready to start her career. According to legend, Carole Lombard was a poor waif who worked up from a job as an extra. Actually, the Peters' income was never much under \$400 a month and she made her adult camera debut as a leading lady. Mrs. Peters heard that Fox was



First ball at Pacific game is pitched from grandstand by Carole. Unlike most stars, she is not squeamish about gag pictures taken of her.



At Gay '90s costume party she wears plumes, spangles, tights.



In slacks, Carole rides her motor scooter around the Selznick lot.



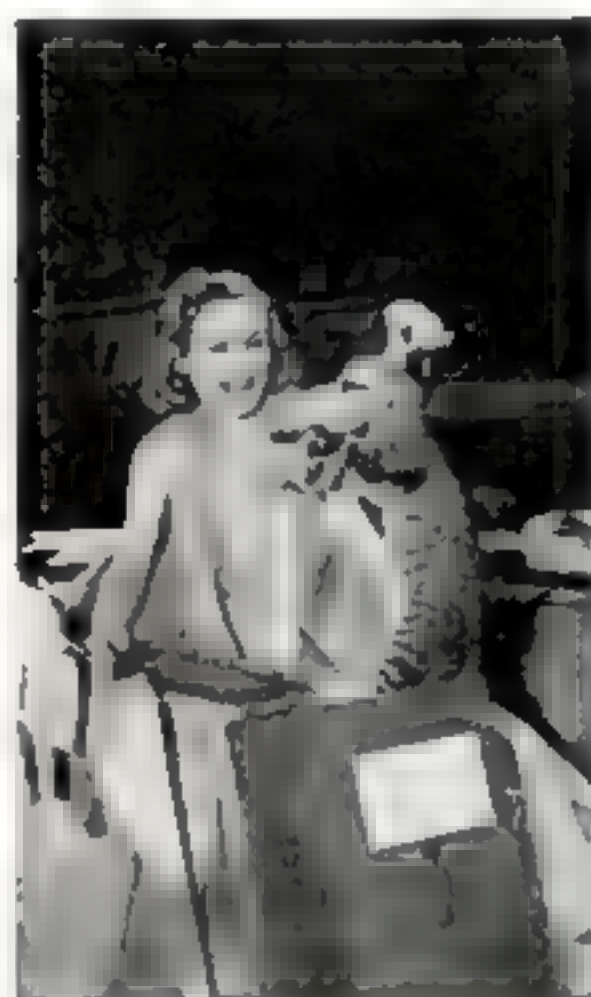
THIS RABBIT MASK WAS A LOMBARD GAG IN "FOOLS FOR SCANDAL" (1935)



ENERGETIC CAROLE LAUGHS, SHRIEKS, SQUEALS, DRINKS COUNTLESS COCA-COLAS



A big ham was given by Carole to Clark Gable, her closest friend, as a gag gift



A stuffed cat was sent to her on the set by Director William Wellman.



After *Nothing Sacred* (1937), she and Fredric March put Wellman in a strait jacket



To exercise her lungs for on-screen shrieks, Carole Lombard blows up balloons during filming of Paramount's *True Confession* (1937)



A swift kick is given John Barrymore by Carole in *Twentieth Century* (1934), Lombard hit which started the screwball-comedy craze



More kicks are featured by Carole in *True Confession*. She got technique from Mark Sennett



A return kick is earned by Carole in *Nothing Sacred*. Here Director Wellman, who felt Fredric March did not kick her hard enough, shows her how to do it

MINNESOTA



LINEMAN WARMS UP FOR OPENING GAME AGAINST WASHINGTON AT MINNEAPOLIS. MINNESOTA POWER OVERCAME WASHINGTON SPEED, 15-4



BIERMAN IS MOST SUCCESSFUL U. S. COACH

FROM MINNESOTA, QUEEN COLLEGE OF THE MIDWEST, COME THE COUNTRY'S GREATEST FOOTBALL TEAMS

On a sprawling campus near the outskirts of Minneapolis lies the University of Minnesota, most respected institution of learning in all the vast lands between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains. As State universities go, Minnesota is old and filled with tradition. It was founded in 1851, near the falls of St. Anthony on the Mississippi River, in a land which was still a territory. Yankee businessmen had not yet begun to bring in immigrant settlers to build railroads, cut lumber, farm the prairies. Yet from a struggling country school the University grew as fast as the region, keeping its lead over rivals, becoming in time the pride of the Middle West.

Today some 25,000 descendants of those early Minnesota settlers, predominantly Swedes, Nor-

wegians and Germans, flock yearly to the University, enter General College or one of the several graduate schools. The people of Minnesota make a fetish of education and the university this winter is spending \$1,500,000 on buildings alone.

These facts are known to educators and to Minnesotans. But what matters to most Americans is the Minnesota football team, which they know, year in and year out, is a powerhouse. In the last five years it has won 33 games, lost only three, become the greatest present-day football legend in the country. This year, under the careful scrutiny of gray-haired Coach Bernie Bierman (left), another magnificent Minnesota team threatens to run away with national honors. The State of Minnesota, gone football mad, is confident it will.



THE UNIVERSITY COVERS 643 ACRES OF MINNEAPOLIS. TO LEFT OF THE STADIUM ARE FIELD HOUSE AND FRATERNITIES. TO RIGHT AND IN FRONT ARE COLLEGE BUILDINGS

OLD AND YOUNG, ALUMNI OR NOT, THE PEOPLE OF MINNESOTA CROWD THE STADIUM. ON SEPT. 24 THEY SCREAMED FOR FULLBACK BUHLER AS HE SCORED ON WASHINGTON



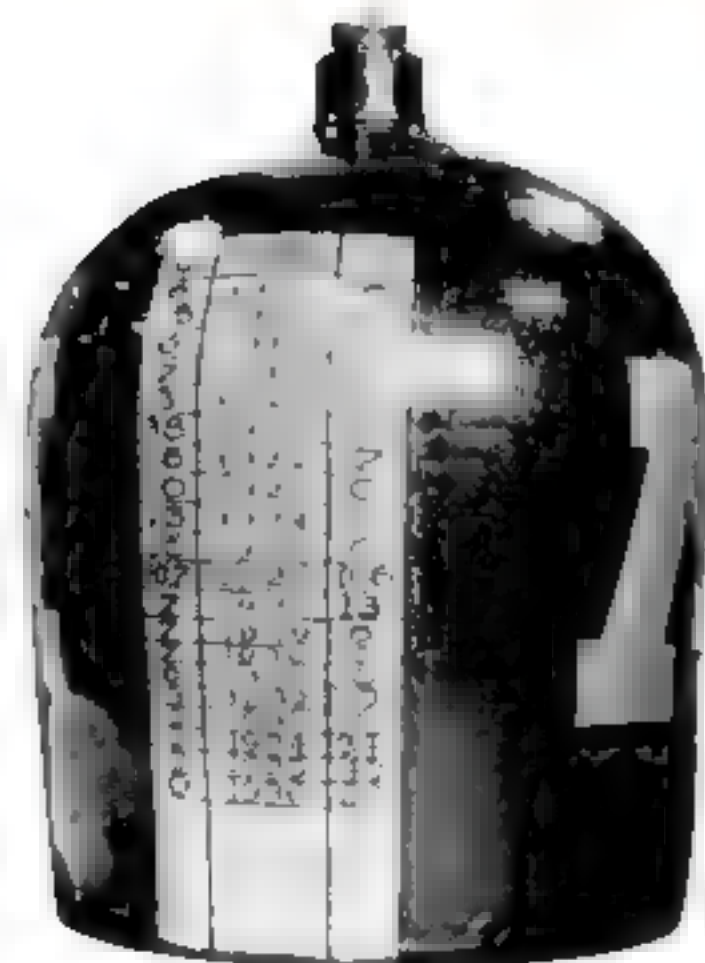
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HELMET READY, SECOND-STRING CENTER JOHN KULBITSKI AWAITS THE CALL TO ACTION

Minnesota strikes on the ground and through the air

FOUR-MAN INTERFERENCE LEADS A ROUND-THE-END SWEEP



MIGHTY MINNESOTA IS FAVORED TO WIN THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

On Saturday, Oct. 15, the Minnesota football team will, by long-standing tradition, get fighting mad. On that day it is to play Fritz Crisler's crafty University of Michigan team for possession of the famous Little Brown Jug. Actually the jug is neither little nor brown. It is big enough to carry water for a football team, and is painted dark blue and maroon. Years ago it was just an ordinary Michigan water jug, toted on and off the field by perspiring managers, but in 1903, after the annual game, the Minnesota trainer carried it off to make it a symbol of victory. Today it is the most cherished athletic trophy of both universities.

On these two pages are some of the players and plays with which Minnesota is favored to beat Michigan, keep the jug for the fifth successive year. The players are as powerful, heavy and tough as they look, though they lack the speed, deception and brains of the great Minnesota teams of 1934 and 1935. Only six from a squad of 66 come from homes outside the State. Many of them are working their way through school. All of them must maintain a good scholastic mark. Live up to the chivalry rules of the Big Ten Conference.

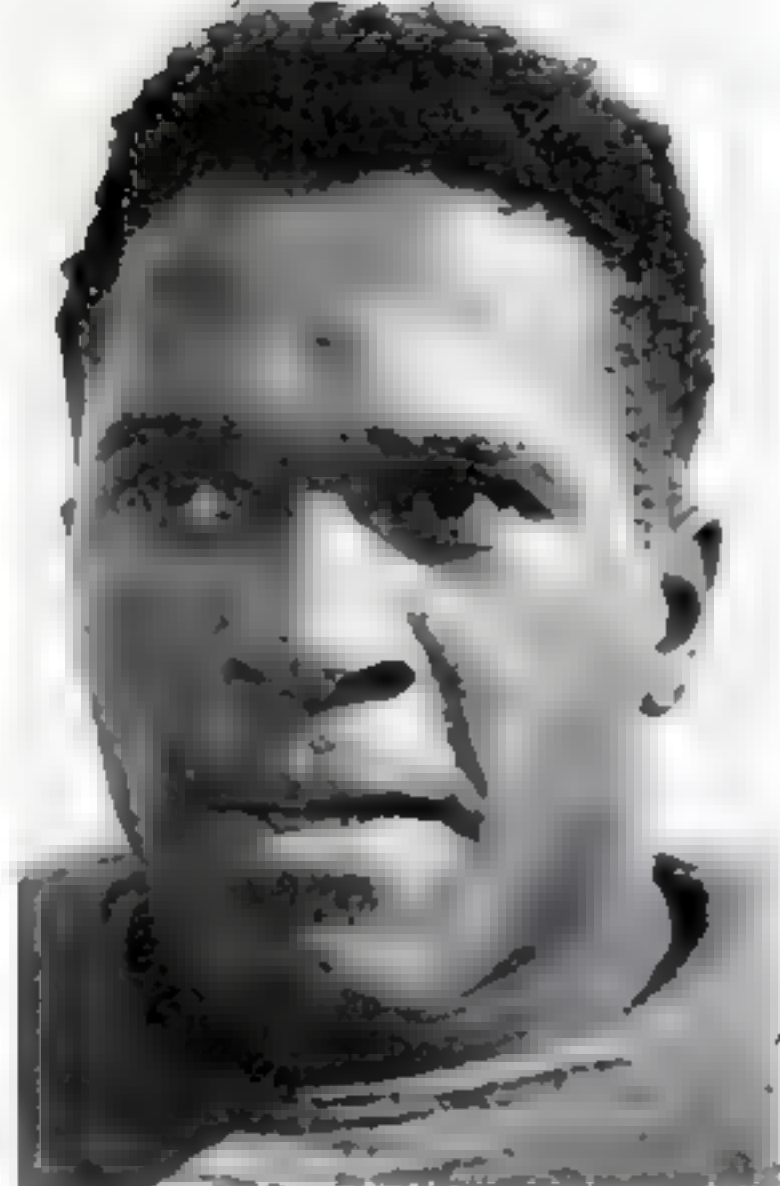
Minnesota's offense is based on straight blasting power and closely resembles that of a professional team. Oct. 10. If Michigan is to have a good chance of winning, it must stop ball-crushing line drives. Drive up backs will look adroitly, swiftly, decisively through the air and around the ends.

SHORT PASS OVER SCRIMMAGE LINE GAINS GROUND AGAINST WASHINGTON





Halfback Wilbur Moore was Minnesota star in season's first two games. A great blocker, he has a deceptive change of pace when carrying ball.



"Ebony Statue" Bell plays guard, kicks off and kicks for points after touchdowns. He followed Line Coach Hauser from Ohio to Minnesota.



Center Dan Elmer is a hard-plugging lineman who has worked up to the first team from the scrubs. He is the best punter and passer on the squad.



End George Nash is a basketball star, plays football only as a side line. This year he too was promoted from the scrub "Bombers" to the varsity.



GRUNTING AND GROWLING, CAPTAIN TWEDELL CHARGES OPPOSING LINEMEN

FIVE BURLY MINNESOTA TACKLERS SMEAR ONE WASHINGTON RUNNING BACK

WRESTLING AT FOOTBALL PRACTICE MAKES MINNESOTANS TOUGH, FEROCIOUS



PEOPLE

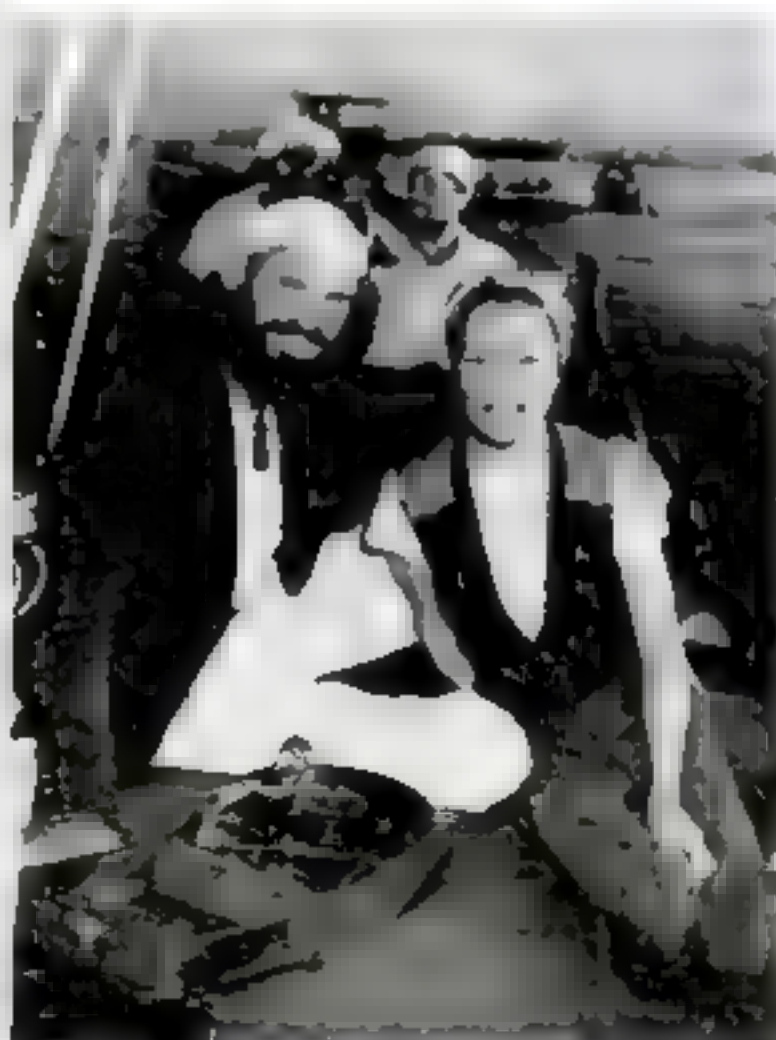
The Cameras of the World Press
now put these people in the news



Farmers' delight is Conchita del Rio whose pleasing figure and interesting costume made her Queen of Agriculture at the San Diego Fair. Candidates wore things grown in San Diego County. Conchita chose chili peppers. Farmers like to see such uses as this for their products.



The strange crew of a Chinese junk bobbed into San Pedro, Calif. harbor 87 days out of Yokohama, Japan. Capt. F. Allen Peterson, center, a Los Angeles newspaper, and crew had a night-long voyage. The junk, drawing only 2 feet, beat a cork over the waves for last 17 days, whole month and once a party of whales swam along with the boat, almost knocking it over.



Captain Peterson had a beard and a Japanese bride. Bride had to cook for crew in a makeshift galley whose stove jounced all the time.



Murray Wiener arrived in Port Newark, N. J., with a beard grown in the Arctic, where he went on an expedition for weather research.



The Austrian high-jumping champion, 22-year-old Gerda Gottlieb of Vienna, arrived in New York, showed off her skill and her legs by leaping over a wicker trunk. A Jewess, Miss Gottlieb holds the women's world's standing high-jump record of 4 ft. 4 in.



The Czech figure-skating champion, Vera Hruba, arrived in New York, showed her skill by cutting a few figures. Blonde and cute, Miss Hruba was the baby ballerina in Prague's National Theatre at the age of 5 and now, at 17, is a prospering professional ice-skater.



The greatest glamor girl to pop into the flash-bulb brightness of New York Cafe Society this fall is the lovely, dark haired lass above: Brenda Diana Duff Frazier, 18. Though she will not come officially into society until December, Brenda has already come into her photographic own. Cameramen have pointed their lenses more at her than at anyone else attending the season's opening night life parties.



A wealthy girl, Brenda was the center of a court struggle. Her rich father died, willing his money to her on condition that she live with a legal guardian instead of with her mother, from whom he was divorced. Brenda's mother got around this by being appointed Brenda's legal guardian. In three years, Brenda will inherit an estimated \$5,000,000. Above: Two views of Miss Frazier at a Vincent Astor party.



IN HOUSES LIKE THIS ON THE BRACK HEBRIDES ISLANDS, SCOTCH CROFTERS WEAVE THE CLOTH THAT IS HARRIS TWEED. NOTE WOOL, CLOTH, FLEECE HANGING OUT TO DRY



For dyeing the wool, crofter women use seaweed, lichen, roots. Here they are busy scraping coral lichen off the rocks for the typical red-brown dye.



Heather and gall apples were used for the brew bubbling in this black cauldron over a peat fire. The wool stews in the pot until the desired moss green is obtained.



Mistresses Morrison. One end of the spun wool

TWEED

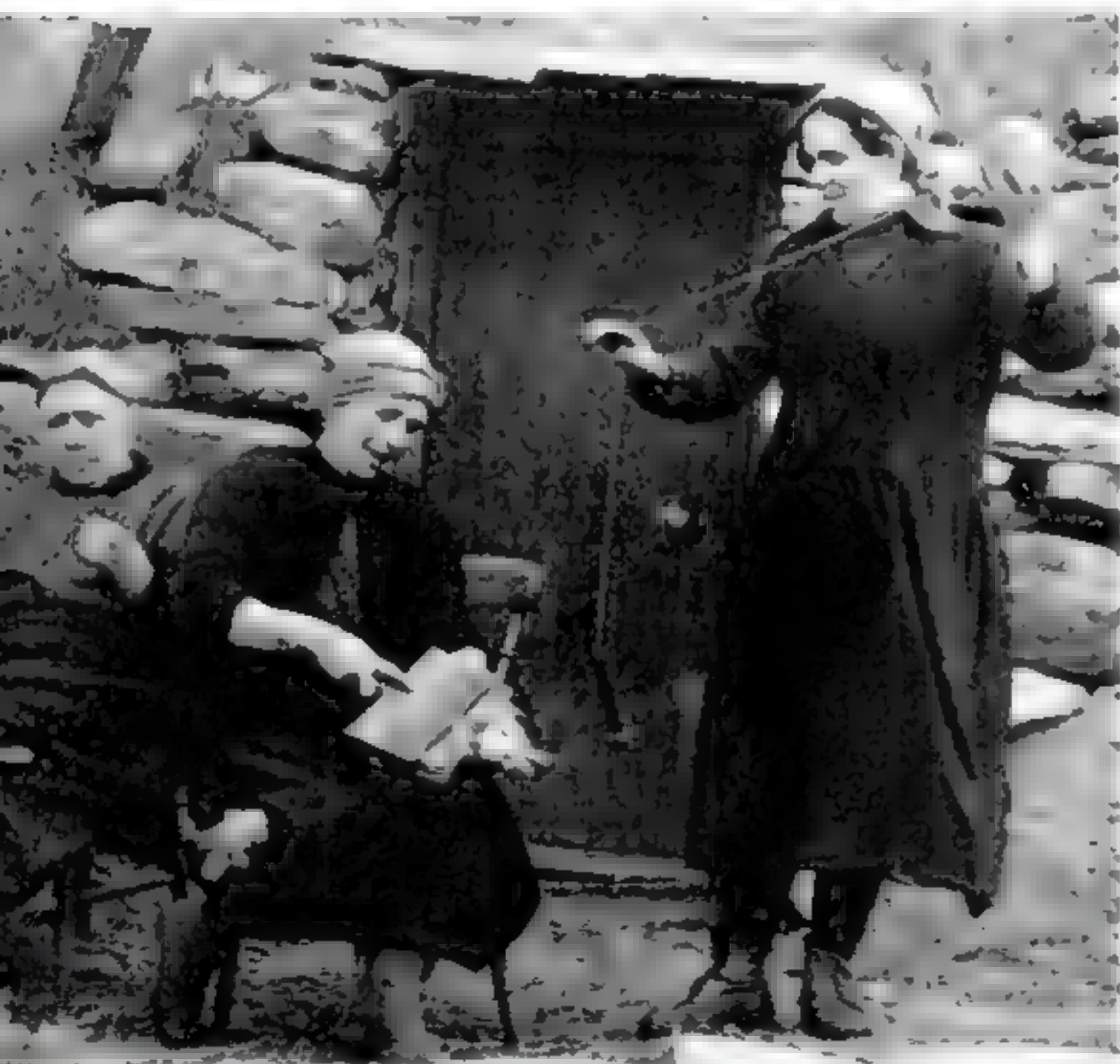
RUSTIC CLOTH GOES TO NIGHT CLUBS

Because the winds of the Arctic blew over their land, the people who lived on the Hebrides Islands centuries ago evolved a cloth so wiry, so tightly woven that even the Arctic blasts couldn't get through it. They called it Harris Tweed. Gradually the fashion world became conscious of tweed. English and French tailors used it for men's suits and women's sports clothes. Mills in other regions imitated the hand-spun, hand-woven Hebridean cloth. For decades landed gentry and suburbanites, college girls and country week-ending city folk have been wearing tweeds. But this year, for the first time, tweed in evening coats (right) and capes (next page) has been regularly going to theaters and night clubs.

The photographs on these pages show the natives of the Outer Hebrides making tweed. Because pungent lichens and herb roots, peat smoke, fire, and water are used in its manufacture, the legend prevails that a cow will be attracted to a genuine Harris Tweed by its smell and will lick the cloth.



Aristocrat of the tweed family is this bolt of hand-spun, hand-woven cloth. Although all Harris Tweed is hand-woven, less than 2% is made from hand-spun yarn.



MacLennan and McLeod spinning (left), carding (center), twisting (right) the home-dyed wool. It is tied to a cigar-shaped weight which twists it for greater strength. Note the high rubber boots.



Evening coats of tweed are an accepted autumn, 1938, fashion. This Del Opera coat, in white monotone tweed with gold-leather appliqué on sleeves and lapels, sells for \$49.75.



Bundles of yarn, each weighing 40 lb., are carried from the mill to the cottages where it is woven, by hand, into tweed cloth. The black mound in front of the cottage is peat.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

TWEED (continued)

Tweed, always a favorite for informal clothes, promises to be the fabric sensation of the fall-winter season. Manufacturers and shops, wary of stocking too much tweed because of the great hullabaloo about the feminine trend in clothes and hair-dos, are now in a frenzy to get enough tweeds. Women are demanding it for day and evening. Below are some classic and new uses of tweed.



Dresses of tweed are now gaining popularity. This is \$29.95 at Marshall Field.



Suits of tweed are perennial favorites. Herald of Fashion suit (left) costs \$29.95.



Jackets and skirts are college uniforms. Mixing the jacket of one suit with the skirt of another has become a national custom. These Carolyn suits cost \$19.95.



Reefers of tweed are "musts" with one-coat women. Carolyn coat (left) costs \$45.



Evening capes of tweed are new. Bon-wat Teller sells the cape above for \$89.95.

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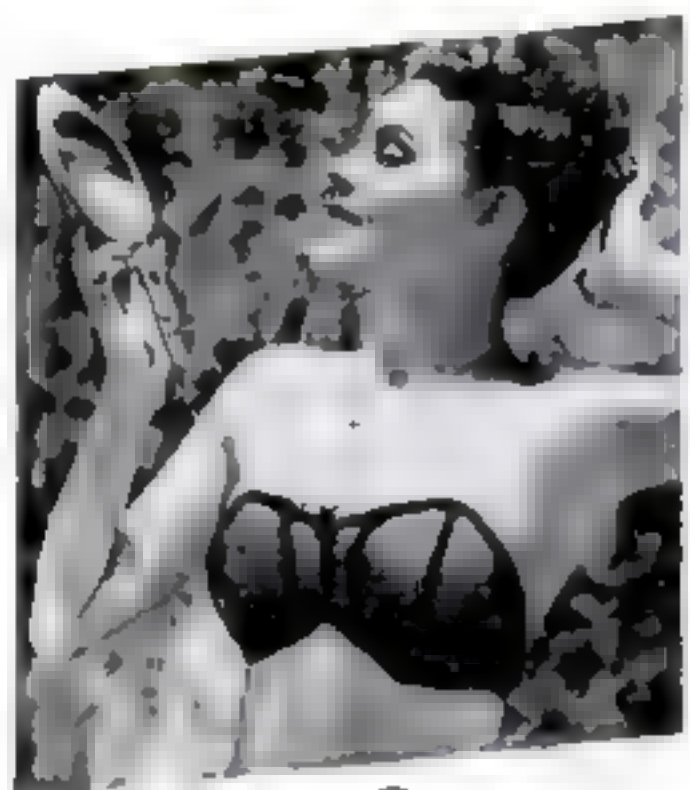
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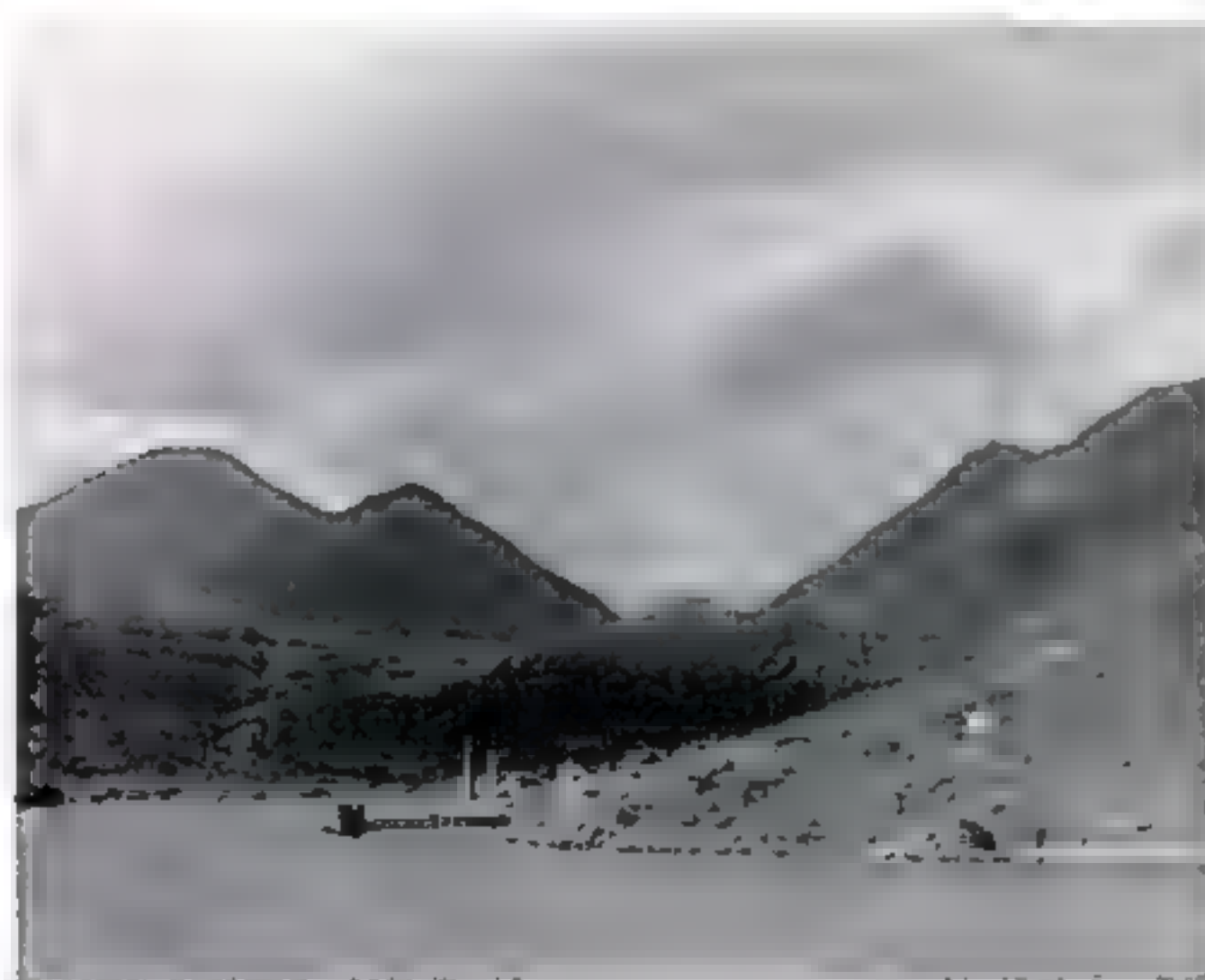
TWEED (continued)



A harpoon with Chinese characters looms over the entrance to the Beigur post office on Lewis Island. It was found in a wounded whale washed ashore ten years ago.



Inside of a Hebridean "black house" (cottage) looks like this. Outside is primitive as an igloo. A door leads to byre where cows & chickens live and weaving is done.



High granite mountains with treeless sides covered with lichens used in making tweed dyes are typical of the Hebridean scenery. This was once a whaling station.

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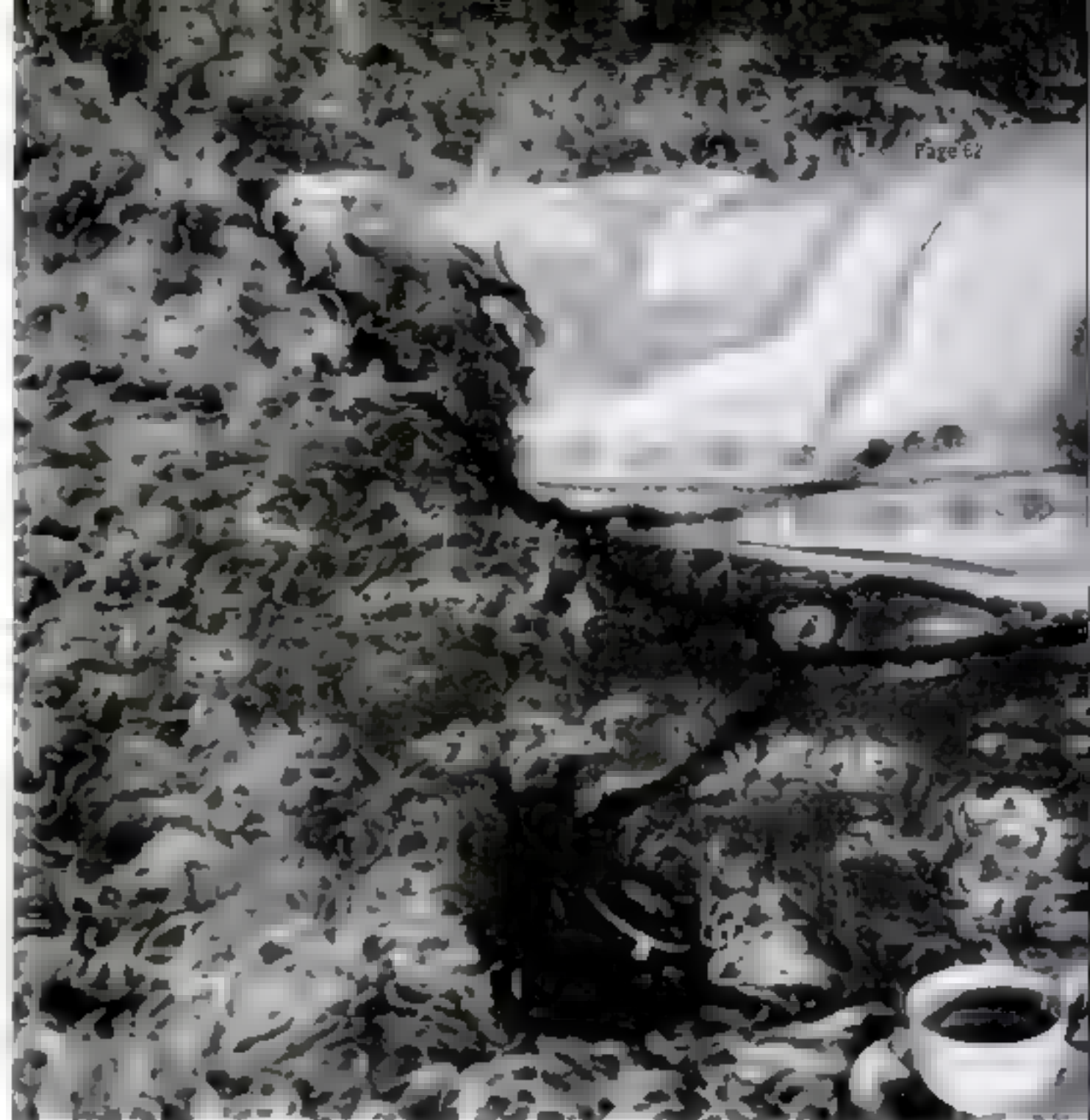
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**FOR
HONEYMOON
HANDS**



CAROLE LOMBARD: SCREWBALL GIRL (continued from p. 50)

looking for an actress to play opposite Edmund Lowe in *Marriage in Transit*. The director asked Jane if she could cry. Jane asked for a violin record to be played on a gramophone. When the music began she burst into tears and was hired.

The metamorphosis of Jane Peters into Carole Lombard is a clinical note by itself. Jane Peters' father had crushed his leg in an elevator accident and remained an invalid. In Los Angeles, the Peters made friends with a Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard. Mr. Lombard had a game leg and Jane adopted him as a sort of stand-in for her father. Soon after starting her movie career, she decided that Lombard was a better name for an actress than Peters and asked Mr. Lombard if she could use it. He was delighted and said it made him feel as though she were his daughter.

Anyone who lives in Los Angeles soon comes in contact with a cult. Mrs. Peters became acquainted with a Mrs. Platt, an ardent numerologist, who donated the proceeds of her friends' belief in her powers to the Government of Persia, there to be used in furthering the education of potential inmates of Persian harems at \$18 a year apiece. Mrs. Platt convinced Mrs. Peters that the mystic vibrations of numbers profoundly affected all human affairs. Jane at this time had a curious habit of stumbling on things, falling down and accidentally bumping herself which a psychoanalyst might possibly have diagnosed as evidence of father worship. Mrs. Platt diagnosed it differently, explaining that with a name like Jane, Mrs. Peters' daughter was lucky to be alive at all. By numerology, Jane is 1-1-5-5, adding up to 12, an inadvisable combination for anyone born, like Carole, on the 6th of October, who would naturally vibrate to the number 3. As a substitute, Mrs. Platt suggested Carole which is 3-1-9-6-3-5 and adds up to 27. With her new name things began to go better for Carole immediately and she stopped having childish mishaps. Still addicted to numerology, she now lives at 609 St. Cloud Road and keeps three servants. What really convinced Carole Lombard of the value of numbers, however, was less the improvement in her career that set in with her new name than a tragedy which nearly ruined it.

According to numerology, each letter in a person's name influences nine years of its bearer's life if he survives long enough. Already at her second letter, Carole could not reasonably expect her bad luck to end before she was 18. At 18, Carole Lombard was running about at a great rate, winning Charleston contests in the Coconut Grove in competition with Lucille Le Sueur who later became Joan Crawford, and being squired by Los Angeles' most eligible playboys. One afternoon, Carole went for a ride with Harry Cooper, son of a vice president of the Security First National Bank of Los Angeles. At a traffic intersection, the car in front slid backward down a hill hitting the front of Cooper's Bugatti roadster. The impact shattered the windshield and a sliver of glass flew into Carole's face, slitting it open from the corner of her nose to her cheekbone.

Stitched together by a surgeon who refrained from using an anesthetic lest Carole relax her face muscles, the cut left an angry



red scar. For any attractive girl, this would have been a misfortune. For a promising movie actress it looked like a calamity. The day before the accident, she had been practically cast as leading lady to John Barrymore. For nine months afterward, she saw no one and brooded about how to replace her wrecked career.

Instead of ruining her career, the automobile accident was actually what started it. A director friend one day suggested that she get a job at the Sennett Studio where, since a quorum of the cast was always in bathing attire, facial defects made small difference. Carole Lombard took his advice and landed a job immediately. The Sennett Studio used to be for aspiring young actresses, the exceedingly rough equivalent of a finishing school for debutantes. Among its notable graduates when Carole Lombard entered were Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver and Gloria Swanson. Had she gone on playing conventional heroines, Lombard's career would almost certainly have petered out with the beginning of talkies. At Sennett's, however, she spent two years being hit in the face by pies, tripped, dunked, chased, and generally maltreated. By the time the scar on her face—now an almost imperceptible line—had healed sufficiently for her to go back to Paramount in straight parts she had acquired a magnificent sense of comedy timing which, when Sennett farce was sublimated into screwball comedy, became her greatest asset.

The best picture Carole Lombard made at Paramount—though even in this she was required to say things like "You choose your way and I'll choose mine" or "It can't go on like this"—was *No Man of Her Own*, in which she played opposite Clark Gable. At this time, she was still the wife of William Powell whom she had married in 1931. Her current attachment to Clark Gable did not start until four years later, at a Valentine party given by the Countess di Frasso. Guests were bidden to come in something white; so Carole Lombard arrived wearing a white nightgown, in a white ambulance, from which she was carried into the house on a white cot by three internes in white uniform. This was the sensation of the evening. Later, when Gable and Lombard knew each other better, she sent him the ambulance with a heart painted on it as a memento. Gable had the motor supercharged and drove about in it for two years.

Apart from her domestic life, Carole Lombard has a small circle of friends and a wide circle of acquaintances. The acquaintances include every employe in any studio where she works. Priding themselves on their democracy, Hollywood notables are shocked by the necessity for admitting that Carole Lombard is far and away the most democratic person in town. Her entry on a set often occasions so many greetings from propmen, mechanics, assistant directors and electricians on the rafters far above the set that the uproar sounds like a reunion between Tarzan and his monkeys. Actually of course, it is impossible not to be democratic in a business which requires \$5,000-a-week celebrities to make funny faces in close proximity with \$10-a-day laborers, and actresses who try to be dignified merely succeed in being absurd.

Celebrated as one of Hollywood's top party-givers, Carole Lombard actually gives almost no parties at all. Her best friends are probably Alice Marble, the tennis player, Russell Birdwell, her



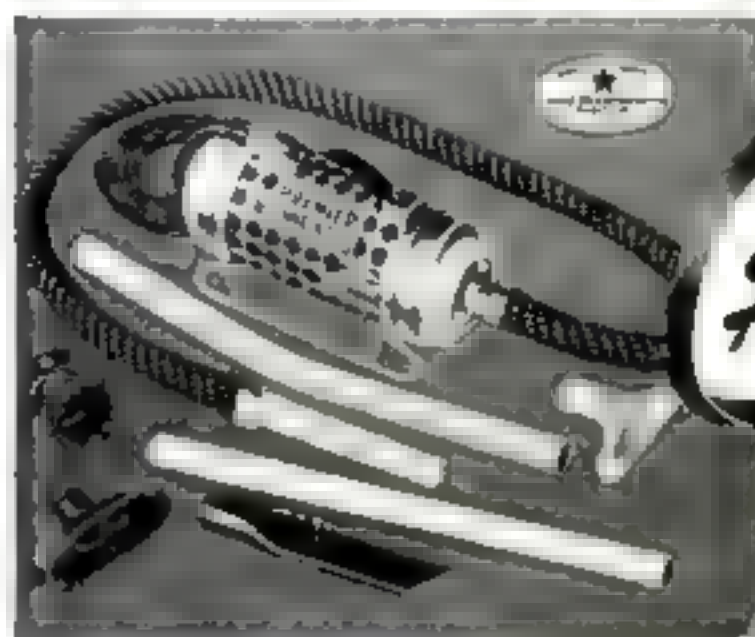
NO MORE DUST-RAG DRUDGERY! NOW...house-cleaning made easy, fast and thorough with NEW **PREMIER VAC-KIT**



IT CLEANS! Upholstered furniture, draperies, auto interiors—all are thoroughly cleaned by the Vac-Kit. Yet—this wonder worker is so light, easy to handle, even a child can use it.



IT DUSTS!... The Vac-Kit dusts bare floors, linoleum, base-boards, stairs, lamp shades, drawers and under furniture. Does away with dust-rags, tiresome bending and stooping.



Made by the makers of the famous Premier Vacuum Cleaner and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, this amazing new cleaner is the ideal "partner" for your floor cleaner—at a price that makes it the year's outstanding value!

End tiresome hours of dusting and tidying up! The new Premier Vac-Kit makes house-cleaning amazingly fast and easy—does away with dust-rag drudgery, back-breaking bending and stooping. The ideal "partner" for the famous Premier "Vibra-Sweep Double-Brush" Vacuum Cleaner (right), the Vac-Kit at its low price is a real value buy! At your Premier dealer's.



BALL BEARING MOTOR—powerful suction of this high-speed motor.
EFFICIENT—suction in every direction.
LIGHT WEIGHT—easy to handle.
COMPACT—fits in drawers, under furniture.

FREE to purchase your Premier Vacuum Cleaner with this Vac-Kit. See your Premier dealer.



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Send me free booklet about the Premier Vac-Kit without any obligation on my part.

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Barbers don't use brush-less shave creams that may dull the razor... so often leave a rough stubble of beard after shaving. Barbers, the real shaving experts, say lather gives a better shave. Use Colgate Rapid Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather... loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard... soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube. Brush-less creams cost far more per shave! Buy Colgate Rapid Shave Cream today. 25c and 40c.

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SHAVE CREAM
TODAY!

2

Colgate Rapid Shave Cream is bland, thus will not sting or burn.

1

Colgate Rapid Shave Cream gives a rich, moist, small-bubble lather that really softens the beard at the base so the razor can cut clean.

3

Colgate Rapid Shave Cream gives you a rapid shave because you merely lather the beard, then shave. You don't have to prepare your beard before you use Colgate Rapid Shave Cream.

Colgate
RAPID SHAVE CREAM

SCREWBALL GIRL (continued)

Selznick International press agent, and Mrs. Madalynne Field Lang, wife of Twentieth Century-Fox Director Walter Lang. "Fieldsie" is Lombard's traveling companion, secretary, confidante and business adviser. That Carole Lombard managed to keep \$50,000 of the \$465,000 she made last year was in part a tribute to Fieldsie's skill in finance. Hollywood incomes can best be evaluated by regarding them as a form of scrip worth approximately ten cents on the dollar. A breakdown of the Lombard income shows that \$285,000 went to the Federal Government, \$54,000 to the State, \$45,000 to Agent Myron Selznick, \$10,000 to the Peters ménage and another \$10,000 to Fieldsie. Once Lombard's battery mate in pie-pitching on the Sennett lot—where she was known as "Moonface" because she never made up past her cheekbones—Fieldsie invested most of the rest, half in Government bonds and half in annuities.

Carole Lombard's statement last summer that she was glad to give the Government \$285,000, though less accurate as an expression of her Samaritan impulses about money than of Mr. Birdwell's acquisitive ones about headlines, contained an element of truth. If, however, she had said she was glad to give Myron Selznick \$45,000, it would have been absolutely honest. Unlike most movie stars, she discovered early in her career that the primary requisite for acting in the movies is not talent for mimicry but talent for fighting with producers. The discovery took place at a dinner table when she said to a producer: "Tell me, what is all this barking for, around front offices?" The producer answered: "My dear young lady, I like you very much but I have only one job and that is to prevent people like you from getting anything you want."

In the Hollywood jungle, agents are actors' allies in the perpetual war with producers. Son of one producer, brother of a second, Myron Selznick has just become a producer himself in order to prevent others from making money out of the stars who pay him \$30,000 a week to manage their affairs. When she gets through with David Selznick's *Made For Each Other*, in which she will try the screwy experiment of playing a heroine who is not screwy, Carole Lombard will go to work, on a profit-sharing basis, in his brother's brand new company.

As Mr. Selznick's battle with producers has caused him to become one, Carole Lombard's dislike of them has caused her to become a sort of amateur agent. Outside of three scholarships for girls at U. S. C., she has few pet charities but makes a point of furthering the careers of young actresses who she thinks have more talent for acting than fighting. Best example of Lombard's acumen as an amateur agent is Margaret Tallichet. Brought out from Dallas by a talent scout who had lost his job by the time she got there, Tallichet was working at Paramount as a stenographer when Lombard spied her and made David Selznick give her a contract.

On the Selznick lot, where she rides about, squealing happily on a small motor scooter, Carole Lombard's dressing-room bungalow is next to the one that contains the offices of the Selznick publicity department. She and Mr. Birdwell spend so much of their time visiting each other that hers has a sign outside which says: "This is not the publicity department." Possibly the ablest and certainly the best-known publicist in Hollywood, Birdwell is an extraordinary personage who has never allowed the old superstition that press agents must remain anonymous to curb his genius for making front-page news. In Lombard, who is quite free from the pose affected by most stars that publicity is all such a bore, he has found an ideal foil.

The marathon conference between Birdwell and Lombard is a cross between a meeting of conspirators in a Moscow cellar and a vaudeville act. It is impossible to divide up credit for such schemes to put Miss Lombard on the front page as having her take over Birdwell's duties for a day. Birdwell walks about making gestures while Miss Lombard sits on a sofa, thumping it when particularly pleased by some prospective assault on U. S. mass credulity. In and out whisk Loretta, the maid, who has to wash the golden blonde Lombard mop every morning so it will always photograph the same shade, and Jimmy, the commissary waiter, who brings Carole a chicken sandwich and a Coca-Cola for her lunch. It turns out that Jimmy has a turkey which he won in a raffle but no place to cook it. "Raffle it again," says Lombard. "Great idea," says Birdwell. "We'll make Selznick buy two tickets. Two dollars apiece."

"Make it a fake raffle," says Lombard. "I like phoney raffles. If it's a phoney raffle, I'll buy two tickets myself."

The Perfect Brassiere for STRAPLESS EVENING GOWNS



Designed to fill the needs of the strapless mode, this new "Half-Way" bodice-brassiere is also ideal with any evening gown. Specially devised stays are so arranged they cannot harm the breasts. You'll love the freedom it gives you, as well as the perfect support. Ask for Maiden Form's No. 225-Peach Skin. \$2.50

Maiden Form's "Holding" bandage is to emphasize the "dividing line" — are now made with lovely low backs for evening and general wear. \$1.50 and \$1.25. Send for free Foundation Booklet to Maiden Form Corset Co., Inc., N. Y.

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Safe, Instant

Relief!

Stop suffering! Put Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions—or wherever the shoe hurts—and you'll have instant relief. To safely remove corns or callouses, use the separate Medication included in every box. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

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To Relieve

IRRITATION Coughs due to Colds

When your throat's troubled with hoarseness, dryness, & cough due to a cold... let a Vicks Cough Drop dissolve naturally in your mouth. This bathes the tender throat tissues with soothing medication for 12 to 15 minutes. Relief comes fast... because Vicks are medicated, medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub, family standby for relieving discomforts of colds.

**MEDICATED
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CINDY LOU IN HER ANCESTRAL HOOPSKIRT



COLLEGE-BRED PRODUCER



COMMUNIST COLUMNIST



POLO-PLAYING PLAYBOY

Kiss the Boys Goodbye

Clare Boothe gets high comedy from new war between North and South

A new type of dramatic wit, brutal, caustic and penetrating, was introduced to the U. S. stage by Clare Boothe's *The Women* (LIFE, Jan. 25, 1937). A blistering satire on New York's champagne and night-club set, *The Women* played a year and a half, scored one of the longest runs on Broadway, grossed \$1,200,000 at the box office, sold for \$125,000 to the movies, is still touring the road.

Since most authors of record-run plays fail, like lightning, to hit a second time—witness Anne Nichols of *Abie's Irish Rose* and Jack Kirkland of *Tobacco Road*—theater audiences waited two years for Clare Boothe's sequel. It arrived, Sept. 28, in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*. First-nighters found its wit as pungent as *The Women's*, its characterizations as mordant. By the end of its first week it was turning customers away from the box office, had settled down obviously to another long run.

Unlike *The Women*, which had a male-less cast, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* sinks barbs into its men as well as its women. Into a Westport, Conn. household it corrals an assortment of high-powered maniacs from the U. S. society, publishing and cinema world: a dyspeptic movie director, a lecherous producer, a sodden Communist columnist, a fatuous newspaper publisher, a nymphomaniac star, a horse-breeding playboy, a smirking smart-chart editor. Dumped into this acid vat as galvanizer is Cindy Lou Bethany, excavated from the Deep South by a talent scout for the coveted part of "Velvet O'Toole" in that greatest of all U. S. best-sellers *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*. How Cindy Lou, complete with parasol and Southern drawl, at first smarts under their concerted contempt, then wangles from them a fat contract and a rich husband gives a high finish to Clare Boothe's sardonic comedy.



The girl he doesn't want to play "Velvet O'Toole" in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* is brought up from the South by Director Lloyd (Millard Mitchell) in the hope of making a fool of her.



The girl he wants is fading Star Myra Stanhope (Benay Venuta). Known as the "Brooklyn bombshell," she has, besides the director, her host and two other men on the string.



DYSPEPTIC DIRECTOR



FADING MOVIE STAR



CHAIN NEWSPAPER OWNER



"MANHATTAN MAN" EDITOR



WESTPORT, CONN., HOSTESS



BUTLER WHO WOULD ACT



A butt is given by Cindy Lou (Helen Claire) to the fat columnist (John Alexander) who jeers at her Southern traditions.



Her temper up, Cindy Lou floors the Red columnist, then shames her rude hosts and their wisecracking guests. Only

the witless young polo player, who was "born with a silver bit in his teeth" (Hugh Marlowe, left), befriends her.



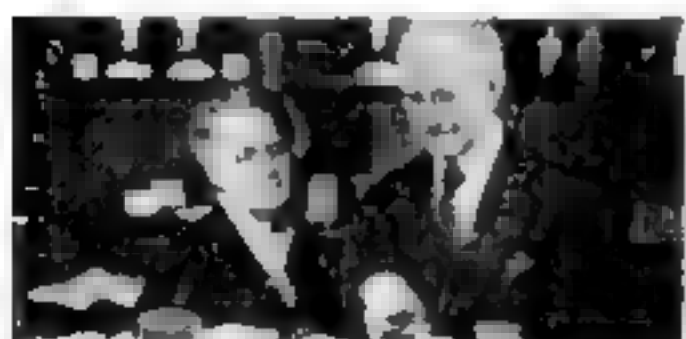
To prove she can act, Cindy Lou mounts the bar, recites lines from Shakespeare's balcony scene. Her audience sneers at her, applauds the Negro hutler who is cast as her Romeo

(Frank Wilson). This enrages Cindy Lou into a "snit," evokes so fine a display of temper that the bored producer (Sheldon Leonard, seated) decides to seduce her in the bath-house.

Life Begins At 40



LOU REESE WAS A SKILLED LABORER four years ago. Hearing of a tumble-down pottery factory in Scio, Ohio, he persuaded the town to sell him the plant on credit and began to work it with four unemployed men. Now he has 325 people on the pay roll and annual shipments of more than \$1,000,000. All this was accomplished after he was 40.



THIS BROTHER AND SISTER—Harry and Emma Clark—were over 40 when they started their "Memory Food" store in downtown New York City—selling only white cornmeal and Virginia sausage. Today—their shop, "Witcher's Farms," does a thriving business in 24 old-time specialties. It's mail orders from all parts of the country.

They are Scoring a NEW SUCCESS at 40 PLUS!

MANY men and women past 40 find these years the happiest and busiest of their lives. Yet many others at this age start to slow down. They feel and act older than they really are.

Two reasons for this early aging are common:

1. Your body may need more vitamins. Older people need certain vitamins just as much as children do.
2. Digestion often weakens after 40. This poorer digestion may pull down health and energy.

BOTH these after-40 troubles are helped by a tonic food... Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

This food is high in 4 important vitamins. Eating these vitamins in fresh yeast helps the system to use them more fully and quickly. The yeast acts like a "booster" for these vitamins by stimulating a freer, more active flow of digestive juices in the stomach.

This improved digestion is a help many people over 40 especially need.

Begin eating Fleischmann's Yeast every day— $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before meals, plain or dissolved in a little water. You'll soon learn to like its fresh, malt-like taste. Eat the yeast regularly. See if it doesn't help you feel younger, more energetic.



"More of a Success at 44," says Edward Blake

Dear Life Begins: I'd been considered a success in my line—traveling salesman covering the Middle West—but three years ago I

was positive my success was all in the past. I was sick and tired and unhappy. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. Finally, I gave up my work.

A doctor in my home town recommended Fleischmann's Yeast as soon as he heard my story. It was surprising how much better I began to feel after just a few weeks. In three months' time I applied for my old position and not only was accepted but given a larger territory. I'm 44 and I make more money and I'm more active and happier than I've ever been.

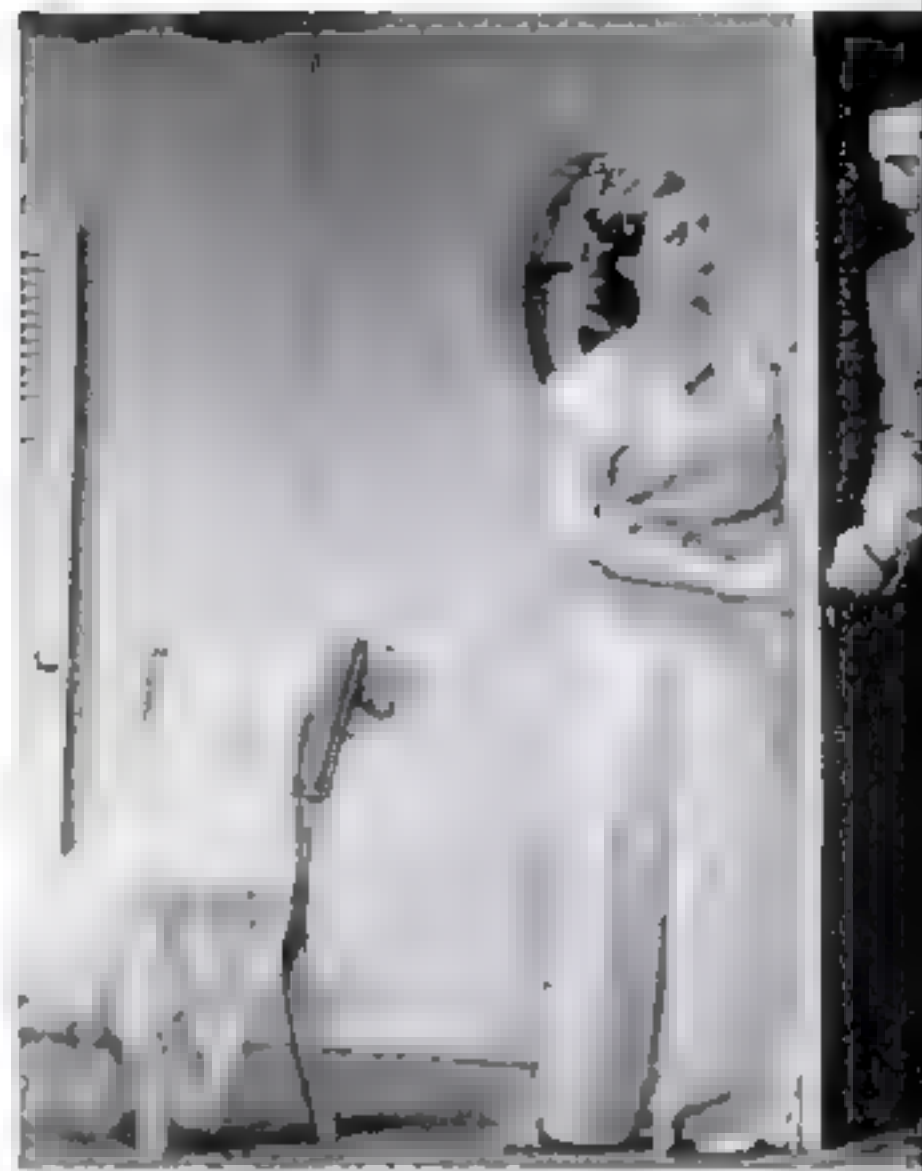
EDWARD BLAKE

Copyright, 1939, Standard Brands Incorporated

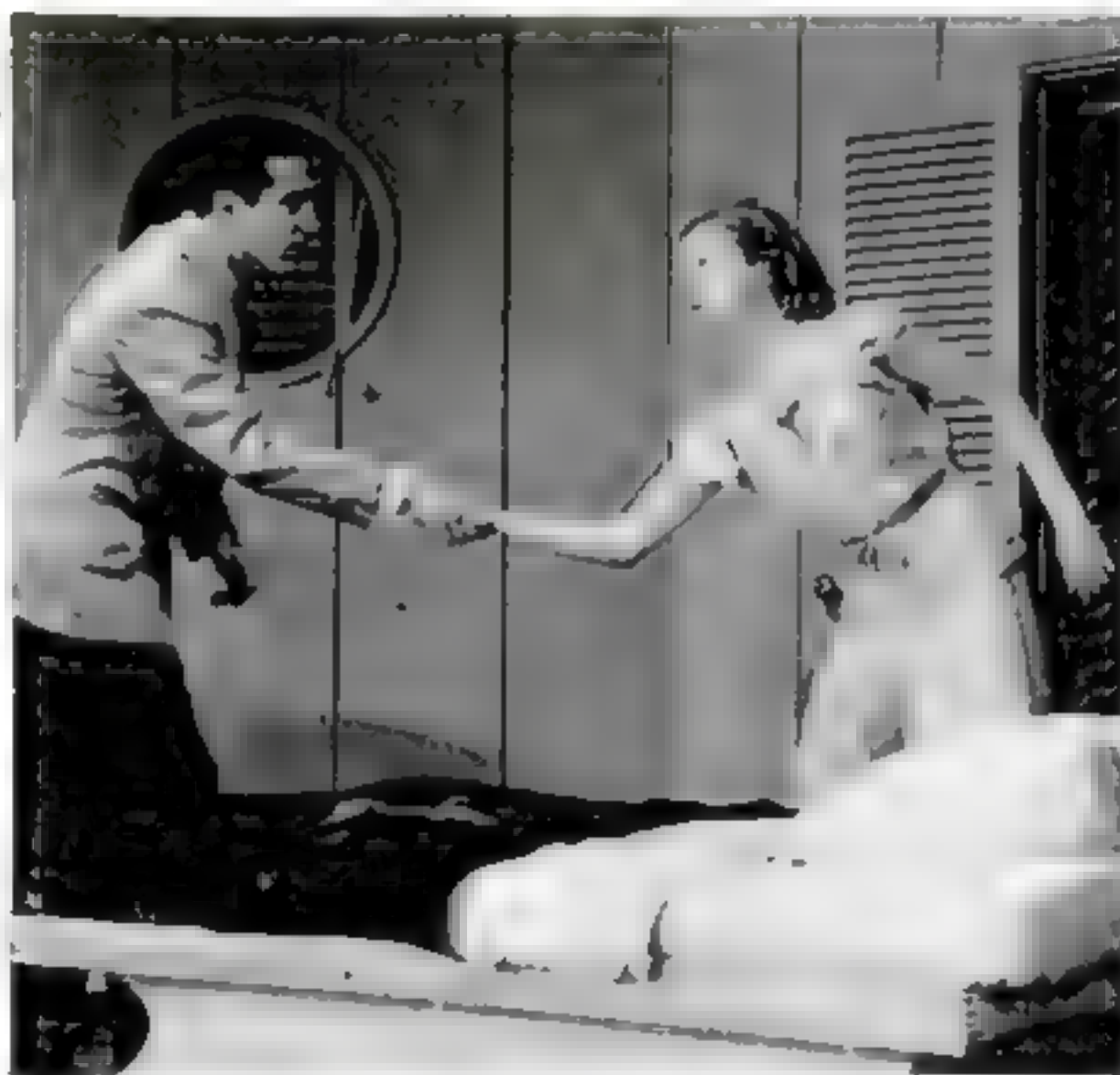
Kiss the Boys (continued)

The Producer and the Southern Belle

Funniest scene in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* is laid in the bath-house of a Westport, Conn., estate where Herbert Z. Harner, movie producer who must be great "because he has a Z in his name," attempts to seduce Cindy Lou Bethany, Southern belle who is "allergic to silence." After parading her hooped skirt and singing her songs, she retires to her bedroom. When she tries to keep the producer from entering, he complains: "But dear, I'm a producer." When she discovers that he really means to "seize her virtue," she announces calmly that she fears she will have to shoot him. She aims at a leg and hits a shoulder. Though she inflicts only a flesh wound, her shot wins for Cindy Lou a seven-year movie contract and a dumb but chivalrous polo player for a husband.



THE PRODUCER KNOCKS AT CINDY LOU'S BEDROOM



HE IS STARTLED AS SHE CONFESSES LOVE FOR THE POLO PLAYER



THE POLO PLAYER COMES TO BID HER GOODNIGHT



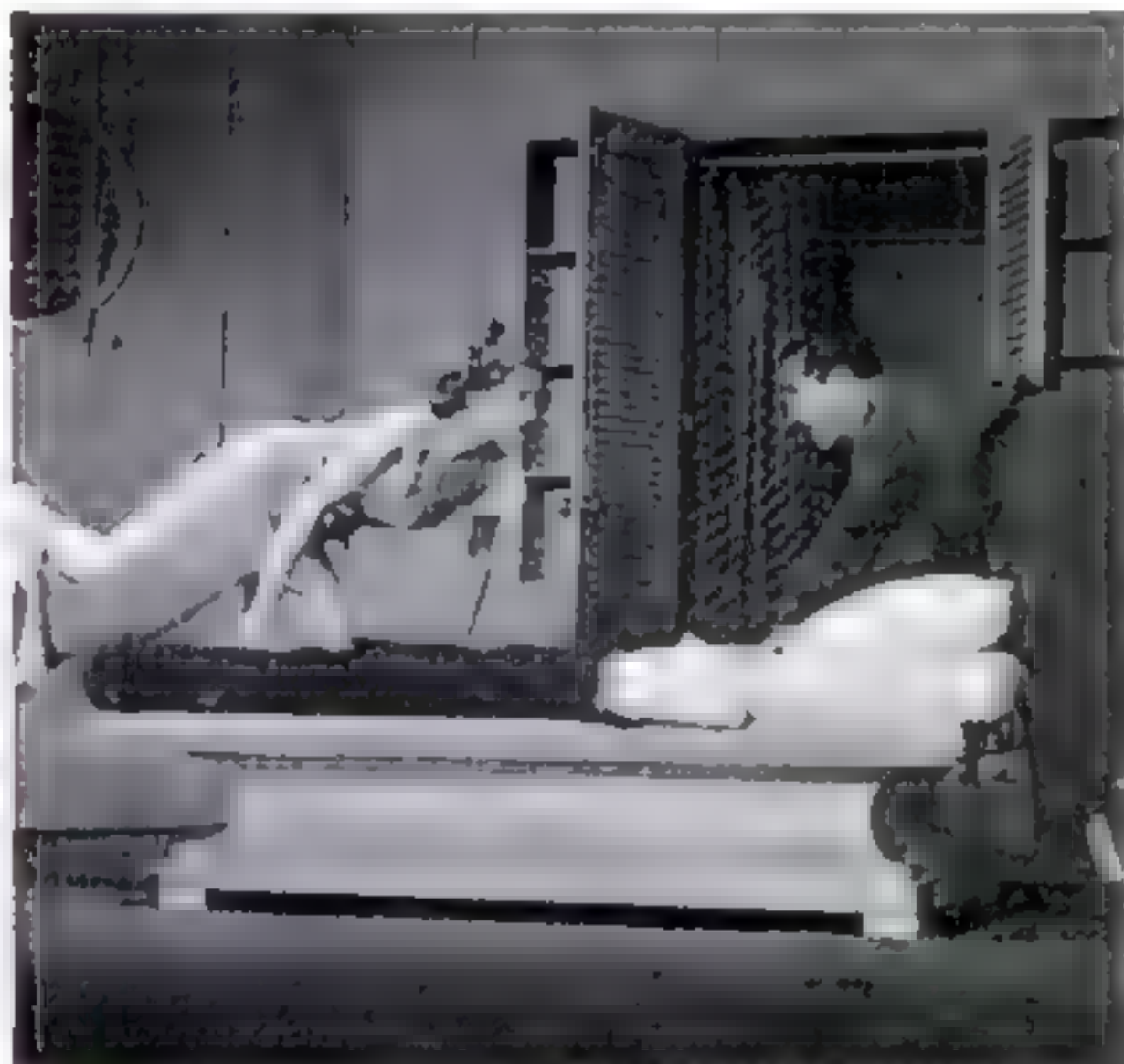
SHE SHOOT HIM, POKES HIM TO SEE IF HE IS ALIVE



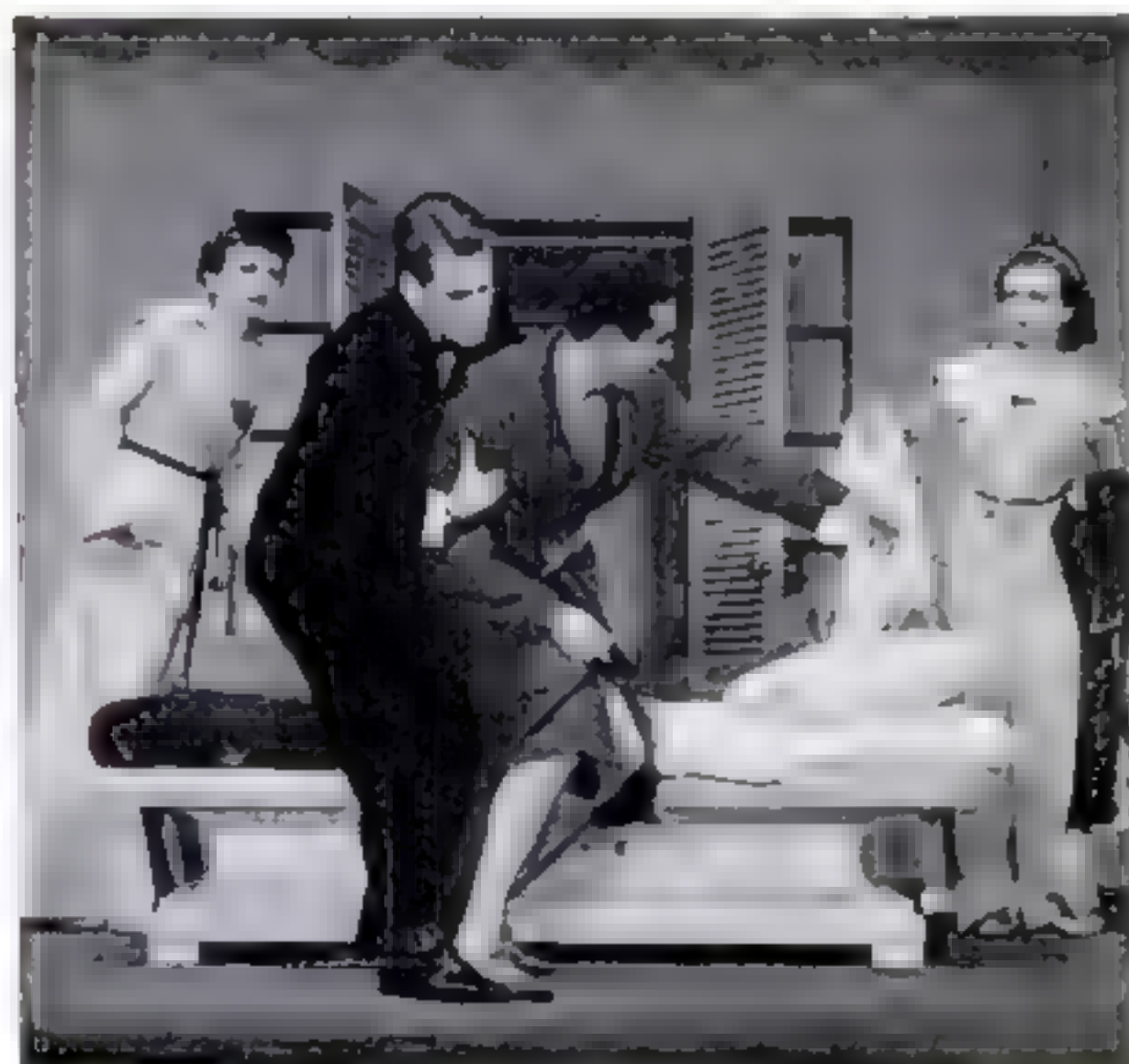
THE SHOT BRINGS OTHERS FROM THE MAIN HOUSE



HE TELLS HER SHE NEEDS LOVE TO BECOME AN ACTRESS



AFTER HE IS GONE, THE PRODUCER EMERGES (WHISPERED)



THEY CARRY THE CHASTENED PRODUCER AWAY

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FILTER-HOLDER ELIMINATES
70% NICOTINE

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EJECTOR

Beware of imitations. To get beneficial results, all smoke from lighted cigarette must pass completely through inserted cigarette filter. Zeus scientifically provides this, and gives you official laboratory proof that 70% nicotine is eliminated. Look for ZEUS on the holder you buy.

And what a difference it makes to pack-a-day smokers! For inside Zeus goes an extra cigarette that traps the nicotine and tar before it reaches your mouth—gives you a cooler, better smoke—protects throat, lungs and nerves.

Over 2,000 physicians have written in; many prescribe Zeus. A million men and women users. Get your Zeus today—\$1 for a standard model, \$2 for ladies' deluxe model—at better shops.

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ARE *three!*



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Red Heart's beef, fish, and cheese flavors, fed in rotation for variety, will help stimulate the most sluggish appetites. Red Heart's nourishing qualities assist in bringing pup back to par, keeping coats glossy, eyes bright.

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for abundant Sunshine Vitamin D. Start your dog on Red Heart—now! John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Time in Bob Becker, NBC Red Network, Sundays 1:45 P. M., E. S. T.

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\$5

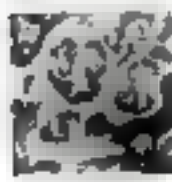


You have a Right to be Selfish

There is one department of living where a man *can* be selfish: he has a right to own a really fine pipe—a showpiece, you might say, a specimen pipe. A Kaywoodie Super Grain. Look at several Super Grain Kaywoodies in the store. Hold them in your hand. Feel their balance. See the beauty



SUPER-GRAIN



REGULAR GRAIN

of their grain. Because they are made from the prime cut of big mature briar burls, you will find that Kaywoodie Super-Grains are among the sweetest-smoking pipes in the world. These rare specimens, like all good things in life, don't happen often. So naturally, they cost more five dollars. Get one. You deserve it.

Shape pictured: No. 12B (BULLDOG)
7/8 actual size. For a better view of this beautiful pipe, turn the magazine sideways. You can get it in two finishes: "Miami Brown" or "Virgin"

Flame Grain Briar \$10, Meerschaum \$15.
Matched-Grain Sets \$100 to \$1,000.

On request: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac
interesting things about pipes.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, NEW YORK and LONDON

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



THREE BUCKS AND TWO DOES TAKE THEIR OWN PICTURE AT A SALT LICK



THE FIRST OF TWO CAMERAS, TIMED TO SNAP IN SUCCESSION, CATCHES THIS DOE



AS THE DOE LEAPS FROM THE FIRST FLASH, A SECOND CAMERA CATCHES HER AGAIN

DEER SELF-PORTRAITS

Sirs:

Here is a set of pictures of deer taken in the Pennsylvania forests last July. They were made with six electric-trap cameras of my invention. I set these cameras up near salt licks in the game preserve, with attachments so that if a deer kicks a string it sets off a flash bulb and takes its own picture.

The cameras can also be mounted on the front of my car as I drive along the forest roads at night and controlled from the driver's seat. In this way I get pictures like the one of the doe jumping the fence (below).

Once a CCC worker came upon one of my forest setups, kicked it curiously and left his picture (opposite page). His CCC pals identify him as James Schreckengast of Johnstown, Pa.

ROBERT B. FORD

Hornstead, Pa.



DEER LEAPING A FENCE



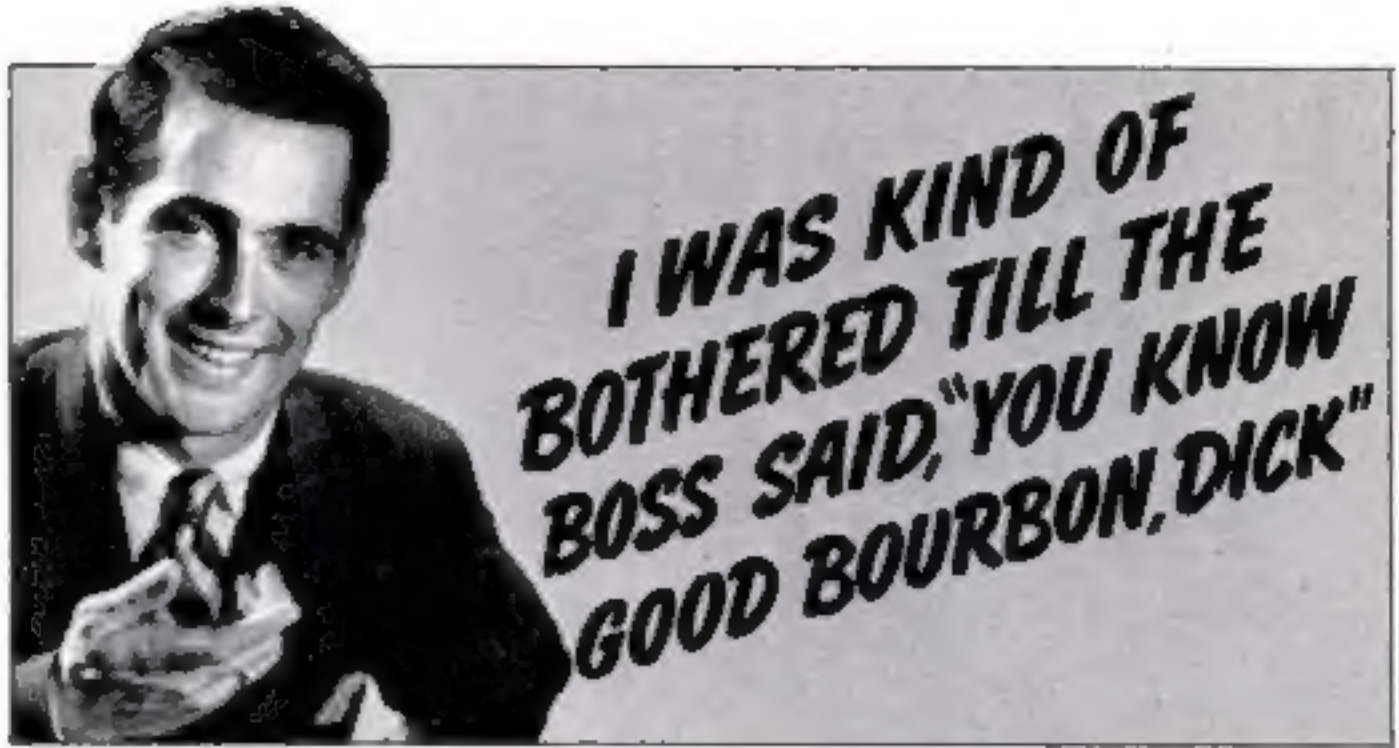
ONE DEER INVESTIGATES A SALTY STUMP WHILE ANOTHER STANDS GUARD



CCC BOY STUMBLES ON FORD'S CAMERA, KICKS IT, TAKES HIS PICTURE



A LEAN YOUNG DOE VENTURES TO LICK A SALT BLOCK MEANT FOR COWS.



I WAS KIND OF BOTHERED TILL THE BOSS SAID, "YOU KNOW GOOD BOURBON, DICK"



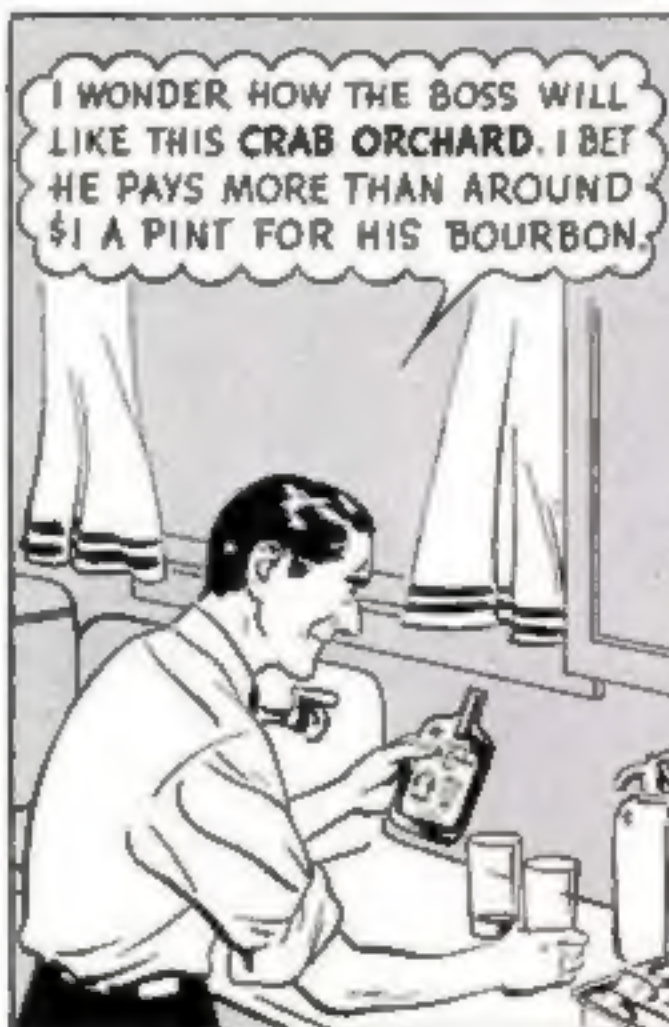
WE'VE STILL AN HOUR BEFORE WE TAKE THE TRAIN, AND WE COULD LOOK OVER THOSE COST SHEETS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON.

FINE, MR. BLAINE. HOW ABOUT GOING OVER TO MY APARTMENT? IT'S RIGHT CLOSE TO THE STATION.



YOU HAVE A NICE COZY PLACE HERE, DICK.

THANKS. AND I'D LIKE TO MIX YOU A HIGHBALL IF YOU CARE FOR ONE.



I WONDER HOW THE BOSS WILL LIKE THIS CRAB ORCHARD. I BET HE PAYS MORE THAN AROUND \$1 A PINT FOR HIS BOURBON.



THIS IS AN EXCELLENT HIGHBALL, DICK. CRAB ORCHARD, I'LL BET! I SEE YOU NOT ONLY KNOW GOOD KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BUT A REAL VALUE WHEN YOU SEE IT.

PLEASE YOUR PALATE AND YOUR PURSE - AT YOUR FAVORITE BAR OR PACKAGE STORE, ASK FOR

Crab Orchard
BRAND
WHISKEY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
90 PROOF



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Order them tall...enjoy them slowly...sparkle and taste last if they're mixed with Canada Dry Water!

The reason for this lasting liveliness...this extra goodness is Canada Dry's own process, PIN-POINT CARBONATION.

PIN-POINT CARBONATION gives Canada Dry Water millions of smaller bubbles for longer life...a "Champagne" Sparkle which tests prove will last for 24 hours after the bottle has been opened!

That's why leading hotels, clubs and restaurants serve Sparkling Canada Dry Water...and why this likely, lively mixer deserves a place in your home!



You Are Invited to Enjoy Better-Tasting Drinks Where You See This Emblem in Leading Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants.

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

If you prefer Ginger Ale for your tall drinks...there's greater enjoyment in Canada Dry, "The Champagne of Ginger Ales." It adds a refreshing, dry, zesty tang.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

TEXAS COUPLE

Sirs:

This is a picture of Mr. & Mrs. John D. Calvert, taken on their 72nd wedding anniversary. John D. Calvert and Sarah F. Derby were born on adjoining farms in Webster County, Mo., went to school together and were married on Sept. 23, 1867. Fifty-five years ago they settled

near Joshua in Johnson County, Tex. Mr. Calvert is 91, Mrs. Calvert five years younger. They have eight children, of whom the oldest will be 70 this month, 43 grandchildren, 52 great grandchildren, five great-great grandchildren. Total: 108 living descendants.

J. CLYDE FRAZIER

Throckmorton, Tex.



"WE KILL THEM AND THEN..."

Sirs:

In California we kill them and then mark the spot. San Jose, Calif. has been trying this method to decrease traffic accidents. Since Jan. 1, 1938 each traffic

death inside the city limits has been marked this way. There were four fatalities at this intersection this year.

G. R. BURTNER

Los Gatos, Calif.



STEEPLE'S COLLAPSE

Sirs:

Here are two pictures showing the actual collapse of the steeple of the Congregational Church, Willimantic, Conn. They

were taken during the height of the recent hurricane.

JOHN McDONALD
Instructor

Windham High School
Willimantic, Conn.



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"Deep in GUATEMALAN JUNGLES..."

beside a monolith unchanged in centuries, we enjoyed the distinctive flavor—unchanged in 80 years—of rare, old Canadian Club."

"Maybe the Mayans who lived 2,000 years ago had the most perfect civilization the world has ever seen," writes C. G. Harkness, amateur archeologist. "But in their history which we found carved around the head of the great stone god at Quirigua, we found no hint that the Mayans ever tasted anything like **Canadian Club**. So when we relaxed over a few drinks of your very fine whisky at lunchtime, we were glad to be alive in 1938 A.D.!"

Specify Canadian Club for Cocktails before and "Tall Ones" after dinner

Before dinner and after—Canadian Club is as much a favorite with thousands on the

other side of the world as it is here at home. Try this rare imported whisky for one week. The instant you taste it you'll see how utterly different, **unlike any other whisky**, Canadian Club is. Although there are several choice Scotches, a few great ryes and bourbons—there's only **one Canadian Club**. Stay with Canadian Club all evening long—it's unsurpassed in Manhattan or Old-Fashioned, and equal thousands prefer it in highballs with soda, seltzer, or plain. **Start to enjoy it today!**

At leading hotels, bars, clubs and dealers, throughout the world. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. This whisky is six years old, 90.4 proof.

IN 87 LANDS
WHISKY-WISE
MEN ASK FOR

*"Canadian
Club"*

6 YEARS OLD

James Watson & Sons
Distillers of Peoria, Illinois
Wellsville, Ontario
Glasgow, Scotland



JUDGE

OF 6 MILLION POUNDS OF TOBACCO A YEAR

Andy Tilley, Independent Expert, says:

**"I Smoke Luckies Because I've Seen
Them Buy the Finest Tobacco."**

"I bought tobacco for my own account for about 10 years," says Mr. Tilley. "And I've been sales manager in a warehouse for the last 9 years. So I naturally see *who* buys *what* tobacco. I've always seen the best types of tobacco go to Luckies. That's why I started smoking them 3 years ago."

Most other *independent* tobacco experts agree with Mr. Tilley. And so do people whose voices are their fortunes. For instance...

LANNY ROSS SAYS: "Even after the strain of practicing one song 20 or 30 times before a broadcast, my throat still welcomes a Lucky."

Here's why Luckies are easier on *anyone's* throat — the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in *all* tobacco. This makes Luckies a light smoke. Try them a week and see.

*Sworn Records
Show That —*

**With Men Who Know
Tobacco Best—
It's Luckies 2 to 1**

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● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Andy Tilley—warehouseman—
has smoked Luckies for 3 years



*Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"*